JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

No. 418559

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 68. Saturday, September 21st, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

Last week we published the drawn numbers relating to our issues of August 3rd and August 10th, and the following four claims have been received in respect of our issue of August 10th. Cheques have been forwarded accordingly:—

Mr. FRED W. CLARKE, 4, Troddington Road, Southsea (No. 339695).

Mr. F. TROUT, 5, Phœnix Place, Stonehouse, Plymouth (No. 296896).

Mr. FRANK GARLAND, 33, Lexden Road, Colchester (No. 250549).

Mr. H. R. SUMMERS, 14, Woburn Square, W.C. (No. 329817).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 17TH:—

416,008	425,533
431,406	357,681
385,727	371,349
382,698	414,372
434,033	394,759

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 24TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 26TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 24TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Out here, in Carlsbad, where we are seeking a temporary and much needed respite from the whirl and bustle of modern Babylon, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with the events of the day. Here, we are out of the world. The papers are ancient history by the time they arrive, and probably most of their contents have been officially contradicted or editorially modified before they meet our eye. This makes us chary of comment. Of course, the predominant idea one gets from such a condition of things is that nothing really *is* happening. Who was the modern Bishop who said that nothing had happened since the Reformation?

And who was the distinguished philosopher who, when shown the chamber in which sapient doctors had sat and argued for ages, surprised his companion by asking, "And what have they settled?" And wasn't it old Omar Khyam who confessed that:—

> Myself, when young, did oft frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and hear great argument
> About it and about;
> But evermore came out
> By the same door as in I went?

These are the kind of ideas that the surroundings and life of this Bohemian retreat tend to generate. Therefore, "gentle reader"—we know not who invented that phrase—do not look for any great ideas in this column just at present. Merely a few lazy, casual thoughts upon such topics as find their way here.

Let us begin with the King. He has just left us; for Marienbad is a suburb of Carlsbad. What a wonderful man he is! Unlike the late lamented Charles II., King Edward

> Never says a foolish thing
> And always does a wise one.

His Majesty is our Foreign Minister, our Peace Commissioner—our first Statesman. He is the living embodiment of the Personal Equation. Even during his recent "cure," he never lost sight of an opportunity of knocking an additional nail into the coffin of the Dead Diplomacy. Russia, Austria, Germany, France—were all his guests. They ate and drank and smoked with each other; told jokes and laughed together. They even "took the waters" together—and that settled it. A glass of Sprüdel makes the whole world kin. It destroys all stand-offishness and false reserve. You live and move and have your being as members of one great brotherhood; sharing the same common joys and sorrows and obeying the same common, relentless laws of nature. All this, and more, King Edward saw; and now that he has gone home, you may hear men in every café, of every nationality, singing his praises and smiling upon their English companions. Yes, "gentle reader," King Edward, at Carlsbad, has done more in three short weeks for the good of the world than all of us wretched politicians accomplished at Westminster in a year. Long live the King!

The news has reached us that the Labour Party has decided to make Old Age Pensions its battle cry during the Parliamentary recess. They have decided wisely. A pension of a few shillings a week for every old man and woman is a thing which the common people can understand and appreciate. Of course, it is rank Socialism. So are the Education Acts and the Poor Laws and the Factory Acts, and a score of other things. We are all Socialists nowadays. It is only a question of degree. And given that the State has assumed responsibility for the welfare of the young, it is impossible to avoid a similar responsibility for the old. "Both ends of the ladder" must be the policy now. We wonder, however, whether Labour leaders, as they are called, and social reformers generally, are aware that it was good old Tom Paine who first mooted Old Age Pensions.

What shall the scheme be? That is the only question. We understand the present proposal to be five shillings a week for everyone over sixty. But that is just a bit too much to begin with. And yet sixty should be the pension age. We suggest, therefore, that a start should be made with five shillings per week for every single person over sixty, and seven shillings and sixpence for every married couple over that age. This, allowing for non-claimants—workhouse, prison and lunatic asylum inmates—Civil Service, Army, Navy, and other present pensioners, would involve an annual charge of fifteen millions upon the National Exchequer, rising to twenty millions in the course of the next twenty years. Sufficient unto the day, however, is the fifteen millions. And never, in the history of all the world, were fifteen millions so profitably expended. It means more than any word painter who ever lived could depict. To realise it, you must know the conditions under which the aged poor live—or, rather, die; for, verily, it is a living death from which you and I are asked to save them. Of course, you may talk about thrift and sobriety and all the rest of it; but you don't know what you *are* talking about. Go and see for yourselves the humdrum, abject, hopeless lives of the common folk. They have been kept quiet and orderly by the promise of the Priest and the Parson that things will be better for them by-and-bye—when they are dead—if they will only be "good" now! But they are beginning to see through it all. They are beginning to understand that if they consent to be the slaves of our social system till they are old and broken, the least they may fairly ask is that the State shall keep just a little in hand for them in their old age. Can it be done? Well, let us see.

During the debate on the Budget, we ventured to indicate to the Chancellor of the Exchequer several new sources of revenue. Apart from a comprehensive readjustment and graduation of the Income Tax—which should relieve the struggling trading and middle classes and at the same time put a proper levy on the drones—we urged the establishment of an Employment Tax of a penny in the pound on wages, payable by the employer as a small contribution to the Pension Fund; of a tax on racing and betting—as they have in France; of a tax on theatre and music-hall tickets, and other things which would never be felt. And now we add a tax on titles. But why waste time on such details? For details they are. That is to say, if Great Britain, the richest country in the world, can't afford to look after its aged poor, there is something wrong somewhere. Just add up the value of all our Church property, and by way of a start ask yourselves if it would really be less religious to transfer some of the wealth which we at present spend on their souls, to the stomachs of the poor.

These thoughts were forced upon us by two little incidents. One was, that in picking up a belated copy of the *Daily Mail*, we read that a certain Education Committee had instructed its teachers to omit, in future, a certain hymn from the school singing. It was a time-honoured orthodox composition—one of the "Ancient and Modern" collection. Here is one of the verses:—

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate,
> God made them, high or lowly,
> And order'd their estate.

Now this has been the teaching of the poor for ages past. And when it comes to denying divine responsibility for the present condition of society—well, the Labour Party has won half its battle. But the responsibility cast upon it is truly a terrible one. May they prove themselves equal to it.

The other little incident was this. We were sitting in the Bohemian Café, eating a specially prepared bread much recommended by the local faculty. It was wrapped up in tissue paper, and on the outside we read that it was designed to combat various complaints "which are invariably found in the higher ranks, but hardly ever in the low classes. This is because people in good positions mostly overdo in eating food which is falsely called easy of digestion—much meat and white fancy bread. Compared with the lower classes' food, there is a want of cellulose or woody fibre," etc., etc., etc. And when we reflected that the people here are spending as much to undo the effects of overfeeding as would keep ten thousand families in healthy food for a year—well, our thoughts got riveted to that Old Age Pension scheme. God speed it.

Our contemporary the *Express* has been excited by a new regulation at Philadelphia forbidding the use of the word "please" on the telephones. Some sapient Yankee had calculated that this silly little word was used 900,000 times a day by people who rang up, and that 125 hours a day (?) would be saved by discontinuing its use. Was there ever such nonsense as to take this twaddle as text for a homily on politeness? The word is only an act of politeness when the accompanying accents show that deference is intended. When a beggar on the kerbstone says "Kind gentleman, please buy a bootlace," he usually contrives to impart an accent of entreaty, but when the chairman of a music hall addresses the gallery with a "Shut up, please," it may be very difficult to detect any note of politeness. As a matter of fact, a Yankee ringing up a number only says "Please" to help him to collect his thoughts. If he is stopped he will say "Er," or "mmm," or "gee-wiz," or something longer and less intelligible. No time will be gained by trying to interfere with his habits. Meanwhile, we want to know what our days will be like when we save 125 hours out of each. By the exercise of such arithmetic we shall soon be minus 100 years old.

Mr. Shaw has discovered a new method of advertising himself. His dog and he went for a walk over some unpronouncable Welsh hills, and, when they did not return, 300 persons are alleged to have spent the whole night searching for them. Why on earth anyone should have wanted to find them solvers of inscrutable mysteries (such as Limerick competitions) can alone tell. Perhaps the dog was a favourite in the locality. Meanwhile the dog and Mr. Shaw were taking their ease at an inn. When the latter heard how much trouble all these people had taken on his behalf, he is reported to have observed, "It will do them good." Thus did he discharge the three hundred.

The *Morning Post* is publishing an instructive series of articles on "Italian Political Problems," by its brilliant correspondent at Rome. He confirms our view that modern Italy is still a very shaky structure. It was hurriedly and violently fabricated out of a number of States, which differed widely in sentiments and aspirations. A certain amount of consolidation has taken place since the revolution, but the North and the South of Italy remain as antagonistic as the North and the South of Ireland. Public corruption and resounding scandals are the order of the day at home; excessive taxation has caused widespread discontent; folly, futility, and impotence characterise the foreign policy of Italy. She has been defeated in every military operation she has undertaken since she became a State, even by the Abyssinians and Austrians. Her adherence to the Triple Alliance is, perhaps, her greatest confession of weakness, the only reason for it being a fear of being eaten up by her allies. We should not be vastly surprised to see Italy break up into several republics before very long.

Nor should we be amazed by similar developments in Spain. There the North and the South are also distinct and jealous. Don Alfonso's erratic, hobbledehoy habits offend Castilian dignity, and neither his family nor his person have ever touched the imagination of the people. He remains only on sufferance, with a very small party behind him, most Spaniards being Republicans or Carlists. Elections prove nothing in Spain, for the results are all arranged in advance. The Catalans long ago made up their minds to be independent of the charming but shiftless Andalusians, and sooner or later they are bound to have their way. We suppose that, before we reach three score years and ten, most countries will have become republics—except England!

As regards our own country, we remember, some fifteen years ago, talking with a distinguished foreign statesman, who assured us that Queen Victoria would never be disturbed, but that "her son" would soon be replaced by a republic. And now, as we have observed above, he is infinitely more popular than even she ever was, while believers in a British republic hint darkly about the fate in store for "his son." It is amusing to note how even ultra-democrats, like *Reynolds' Newspaper*, are loud in the praises of King Edward. Who now talks of "good Queen Victoria"? So far as public interest is concerned, our late Sovereign has been relegated to the limbo of history quite as effectively as Queen Anne. We think and talk only of our King.

The Trades Union Congress would raise itself in the opinion of all sensible folk if it eschewed countesses. As it is, it has no right to sneer at the snobbery of the middle classes. What could be more ridiculous than to pass resolutions against the House of Lords in the morning, and bill the Countess of Warwick as the attraction of the evening meetings? Everyone knows that if the countess were Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones she would never be asked to address a labour meeting. One wonders what would happen if half a dozen peers managed to get elected to the Congress. Would they run the show? Would the fierce wavers of red flags kowtow to the possessors of titles? It is a sad thing to find free and independent labour leaders jeering at John Burns and beslabbering the Countess of Warwick.

The India Office, with incredible fatuity, has actually agreed to pay the *Daily Mail* to collect reliable Indian news for the British public. Think of it! The poor Hindoo will be taxed in order that paragraphs of this kind may be placed before British readers:—

"MUTINY IN CALCUTTA.

"Our special correspondent, Mr. J. Alluring Phibbs, cables: 'General rising of Hindoos is taking place today. The Governor-General has been skinned and three members of the Council sacrificed to Vishnu. Calcutta is running with the blood of white men. Fate of women even worse—dragged away by thousands to harems. Babies being thrown wholesale into Ganges.'"

When the Memorial Service in St. Paul's is properly arranged, there will come another wire which will scarcely receive the same prominence:—

"THE UNREST IN CALCUTTA.

"Our special correspondent, Mr. J. Alluring Phibbs, wires: 'Rumours of rising greatly exaggerated. Bibulous Hindoo threw pomegranate at English police superintendent, causing serious bleeding of nose. Criminal under arrest. Government has situation well in hand. Perfect confidence reigns throughout European community.'"

We are not partial to strikes, which are at best a savage sort of defence. But it has to be conceded that striking represents an elementary human right, and Englishmen never look their best or do much credit to their name when they allow themselves to be dumped abroad as strike-breakers and flung aside as soon as the dirty game is played out. The merits of the Antwerp shipping dispute might well have been left to be fought

out in Antwerp. According to all accounts, however, the London gutters have been swept by the Shipping Federation to find men bearing English names and ready to sell themselves. The result is seen in the bitter feeling and fierce personal feuds which have arisen between the Belgians and the exported *canaille* of our Metropolitan refuse heaps. The worst of it is that this sort of thing cuts both ways. Just as Englishmen can be found to help in strike-breaking at Hamburg and Antwerp, so Germans and Belgians may be found to help in strike breaking in England. But it is no use talking about the solidarity of labour to loafers attracted abroad by the promise of little work, abundant beer, and free tobacco. We can say nothing more than that it is not fair skittles.

The "Crimson Circle" has come to an inglorious end. This ferocious secret society consisted of an eleven-year-old in an Eton collar and a seventeen-year-old with his hair parted in the middle—its headquarters being Peckham. The *modus operandi* of the Crimson Circle was to send threatening letters in red ink to a girl with her golden hair all hanging down her back. "Beware," said one. "This is one of three warnings, and then—" The final letter of the Red Hand was even more bloodthirsty: "The hand of the Crimson Circle is against you," were the words, "and will be until our end is accomplished." As matters have turned out, their end has been accomplished in the police-court, where, with pallid features and knocking knees, they have heard their fate. "Having successfully advertised yourselves as silly young bounders," said the wise Cadi, "you are free to go." Then they slunk out of the presence like two cats out of a rain tub, and fame will know them no more, unless they carve another way to glory.

The new report of the Commissioners in Lunacy is cold comfort for those who had hoped that insanity was decreasing. Since we commented on the last annual return, there has been an increase of upwards of 2,000 in the number of certified lunatics in England. One person in every 282 is insane. Birkenhead has the honour of being the sanest community; London the most lunatic—which the "Progressives" will say explains the recent return of the Moderates to the London County Council, as well as some other things. What is distressing about the general figures is that for fifty years lunacy has been alarmingly on the increase, and the worst of it is that with the hustle and bustle of modern life, its brain rack and nerve rack, there is every sign that more rather than fewer lunatics will be made as time moves forward. Mr. Edison, Mr. Marconi, and others have much to answer for.

Speaking of insanity, a prisoner recently liberated lost no time in making his way to Windsor Castle, in order, as he explained, to keep a dinner engagement with the King. But Patrick Donovan is not a *persona grata* in Court circles, and the wretched myrmidons gave him into custody as a wandering lunatic, whereupon he passed his time in furtive attempts at committing suicide. One is inclined to wonder if there are many more like him let loose without some preliminary inquiry into their mental state. What has the prison doctor to say?

Some time ago we commented upon the remarkable French of some of the Northcliffe papers. We observe that the arithmetic is not much better. Discussing some thoroughly unimportant question lately, the *Daily Mail* observed: "One is astonished to learn that of these nine opinions, the majority are distinctly and forcibly negative." It then proceeds to explain that four were distinctly negative, two quite positive, and three doubtful. In the same issue is a flaring headline, "MORE HOUSEBREAKING THAN FIRES." And then follow the figures for 1904 and 1905:—Burglaries 986, housebreakings 3,193, breaking into shops, warehouses, etc., 2,111; totals, 6,290. Fires, 6,938. Of such is the kingdom of the New Journalism!

Marriages under the Deceased Wife's Sister Act have now commenced, and men who have deceased wife's sisters whom they would like to marry should now walk up without fear. There need be no further waiting—after all the years of longing two hearts may beat as one. Aberdeen has the honour of being the first in the field, with Manchester a good second. It yet remains to be seen to what extent the Act supplies "a long-felt want". At all events, there is one more hardy annual out of the way, with the Bishops beating the air on the other side of the hedge. And that is a step towards the Quiet Life.

We hope Mr. Gladstone is still sleeping soundly o' nights, despite the continuance of cattle-maiming at Wyrley. There is only one theory which can explain the position the Home Secretary and his advisers have chosen to take up with regard to Mr. Edalji. This is that they have a lingering suspicion that, despite the free pardon, he may have committed the crimes laid to his charge. But that explanation grows more and more absurd. Not only had he a double while he was in prison, but he has one operating in the same district still. The Staffordshire police are clearly at their wits' end. It looks as if they were hopelessly incompetent for their task. Scotland Yard is supposed to hold the keenest-nosed detectives in the world, and it seems about time the regulations recently established by the Home Office authorising the use of their services to the provincial police should be put into force. That a man can sneak out of house, shop, or farm at night and hack at cattle with a knife, without leaving a trace of his movements, and without any other person being aware of them or suspecting them, seems incredible. This, too, notwithstanding that the outrages are the common talk of the district, and that there is not a single newspaper which has not contained reports of them. If there is a Sherlock Holmes in all the land, now is the time for him to carve a name for himself.

A non-political periodical, the *Machinery Market*, makes an announcement which should cause the hair of the Chamberlainians to stand on end like bristles on the useful yard brush. It is that Australia, the home of the dear, delightful Deakin, has imposed a machinery and tool tariff which, in all probability, will kill the trade of Birmingham and Coventry with that Colony. Deakin fumed and blustered and threatened and wept at the Colonial Conference because the poor benighted mother country would not swallow the new fiscal gospel. Deakin returned to Australia, still fuming and fretting, and then twenty-five per cent. goes slap-bang on the tariff on English tools, formerly let into the Colony duty free, and Birmingham and Coventry are expected to arise and rejoice, or, at all events, be somewhat consoled by the fact that Australia gives them a "preference" by putting an extra five per cent. on the foreigner! Such is the land of Deakin when the Chamberlainians get to bed rock and hard tack.

When a man by competition loses a contract which he has come to regard as a sort of heirloom in his family, like the lawyer with the Chancery suit, it is natural that he should make the utmost possible fuss about it. The Bayley "Horseshoe Scandal" is a case in point. The Opposition papers don't care twopence for Bayley, or a penny for Bayley's horseshoes. But they find a splendid chance for turning Bayley to political account, and hence we have been fed ad nauseam on interviews with Bayley, and allegations by Bayley, and "tariff reform" arguments by Bayley, in addition to leading articles and editorial notes on Bayley and all

his works. We do not approve of British Governments sending contracts abroad if they can be filled in this country; but the late Government also sent contracts abroad, and if an awful silence shrouded those commercial transactions, we may take it that it was because shrieking about them did not at that time suit the game of Party. In a word, Bayley has been turned into a mountain, whereas, when you come to look at him, he is only a molehill.

But the thing is being muddled and badly stage-managed. During the late Government's last year of office, under the régime of the tariff-reforming Mr. Balfour, not less than £183,000 worth of contracts went to foreigners. For some years previously the sum which the late Government gave away to foreigners in contracts exceeded that amount annually; while in 1901 their contracts to foreigners amounted to upwards of a million sterling. After this, only political charlatans would make a fuss of £2,000 worth of horseshoes, and talk about it as if thousands of British workmen had been thrown out of employment. Once more, from Party Politics and all such monstrosities good Lord deliver us.

From all sides and many countries comes the booming of ballooning. Much metaphorical gas is expended upon the "Dreadnoughts of the Air" and their "graceful evolutions." But we are very sceptical about the value of any existing airship for military purposes. It is worth observing that the experimental trips are always taken in fine weather, and there is no reason to believe that any ballon could exist in a storm. Unfortunately, the elements are not always propitious in war-time, and operations will be considerably restricted if it is always necessary to wait for a fine day. Indeed, airships are now probably even less advanced than warships were at the time of the Spanish Armada. That is not to say that they will never be perfected, but improvement is much more likely to come in the direction of aeroplanes.

We have the utmost sympathy with cabdrivers, as with members of other decaying industries. But they must not be allowed to interfere with the public interest and convenience. Their present attitude is similar to that of handicraftsmen who object to improvements in machinery, ferrymen who protest against the erection of bridges, and Swiss guides who denounce the idea of mountain railways. Individuals must accustom themselves to the march of progress, even though temporary hardship may be felt. The wise cabman has already made friends with the mammon of civilisation by learning to drive a car, and it is to be hoped that no trade union will interfere with such elementary enterprise.

Lord Montagu is draining a pond in the hope of finding a gold statue of the Virgin, said to have been thrown there by the monks of Beaulieu. In the improbable event of his finding it, we suppose the Crown would seize it as treasure-trove, so his lordship's labours seem somewhat vain. There is something romantic about treasure-hunts which appeals irresistibly to certain minds. We remember being approached by a poor financier some years ago in Paris. He wanted us to give him £1,000 to enable him to dig for King James II.'s treasure near St. Germains, and he certainly had a wonderful story to back up his request. It appeared that, for over half a century, various people (including an illegitimate daughter of Lord Palmerston) had been digging there, until the cottages were rocking on their foundations. A few articles had been found, including the inevitable gold statue of the Virgin, but King Charles II.'s crown and many other treasures still awaited discovery. We objected that, if others had been unsuccessful during all those years, we were not likely to fare better. The answer was that the treasure had been located by a medium in a trance. We kept our £1,000, and never heard whether the medium's assertions were justified.

On another occasion, however, we can vouch for the success of the black arts in revealing the presence of money. A friend of ours, who lived in an old manor-house, visited a fortune-teller. The fortune-teller gave a remarkably good description of the manor-house, and, in particular, of one room. "There," said she, "under the boards, in the north-west corner, you will find money." Our friend rushed home and tore up the boards. Sure enough, after several hours' search, he discovered one penny sterling, of the reign of Queen Victoria.

THE BRUMMAGEM MAN.

The Australian windbag buttonholed the Brummagem man. "Look what I've done for you. You'll only pay five pounds on every cycle you send us, whilst the wicked foreigner will have to pay five guineas." "But that will stop me sending cycles to Australia." "Oh, but the wicked foreigner will send even less than you," explained the windbag. "Are these the bonds of Empire?" exclaimed the man from Brummagem. "Well, if you'll pay a little more for your bread, meat, butter, eggs, wool, leather, and wine, we might make the duty £4 19s. 6d. as it's you, and we're fellow citizens of a great and glorious Empire."

And the Brummagem man blasphemously exclaimed, "This is even worse than Austen Chamberlain's speeches." Which was a bitter, bitter thing to say.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 369.

For stating in a letter written from the Carlton Club to the Morning Post: *"I have no book of reference, not even a Whitaker, with me,"*

MR. ARTHUR A. BAUMANN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 370.

For stating that "ten of the wagons of the goods train was killed outright,"

THE *YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 371.

For stating that "there was a good entry of young hounds at Warwickshire Puppy Show at Kineton on Tuesday. Among those present were the Master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord North, Miss Mabel Verney, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hanbury, Sir Grey Skipworth, Mr. Alexander Parker, Major Armstrong, Captain Allfrey, Captain Beever, and about two hundred others,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 372.

For relating, in a story in JOHN BULL, *that an Eton boy "stroked his boat against Harrow,"*

HENRY ALLEN ASHTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 373.

For describing the new Southampton Dock as "an oblong square,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 374.

For describing Lord Clanricarde as a man "with a high and intellectual forehead, some 5ft. 7 in. high,"

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.—III.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Having now completed our bird's-eye view of the House and its proceedings, we will look a little more closely into the component elements of that strange system of Party government under which we live. We have seen that Members of Parliament are divided into four main camps—the Government, the Opposition, the Irish, and the Labour Parties. The Labour Party is a new element, which came into existence with the present Parliament, as the result of the return at the General Election of about thirty men unpledged to either of the old groups—a little band of Irreconcilables, Socialists, "I.L.P.'s," Trades Unionists, and others.

The Labour Party.

Let us, then, begin with a look at this new Party. As you will already have gathered, it occupies two rows of seats below the Gangway on the Opposition side of the House. Its nominal leader is Mr. Keir Hardie, but, in truth, they are all leaders! Then comes Mr. Shackleton, who is deputy-chairman, and, after him, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (the hon. secretary) and Mr. Henderson as Whips. "Keir," as they call him, is one of the most picturesque figures in the House—but, unhappily he knows it; and, on the top of it all, the Suffragettes have adopted him as their Parliamentary champion. He is their darling. Unfortunately, his health recently broke down, and he has had to go on a prolonged tour abroad. There be cynics who smile at his "breakdown"—especially when they read that once on American soil he was able to start an oratorical campaign—and there be sceptics and scoffers who impugn his sincerity. There be others who say that he is a pure-minded, disinterested political evangelist. Let them fight it out. All *we* know is that in the early days of the Independent Labour Party—hereinafter called the "I.L.P."—his methods were not free from suspicion; but that was a long time ago, so let it pass. Mr. Shackleton is a big, bluff, strong-minded chap, with earnestness and deep conviction on every line of his face. He is of that type of thinker which does not believe there is any side to a question other than the one *he* sees; but he knows his work upside down, and is the future leader of the Party. Ramsay MacDonald is a handsome, dark fellow, somewhere about forty years of age, with eyes that look into rather than at you; a man of wide reading and of a strongly logical and analytical type of mind; a good, but cold, speaker—and a born diplomatist. Henderson is a man of strong personality; always active, always on the alert, and a good debater. Can you wonder, in all these circumstances, that the Labour Party is making its mark?

The Irish Party.

And now a glance at the Labour Party's nearest neighbours—the restless, excitable, passionate, eloquent men from the Emerald Isle. What an interesting study they are! There they sit, sullen as the sea, till a sudden wind, perhaps only a passing breeze, sets them in motion. Then, in an instant, they are lashed into fury. You see then, if you never realised it before, how vitriolic is their hatred of the Saxon sway. It burns into their very souls; it consumes their beings, inflames their reason, boils their blood. They don't look—they glare at you; they don't speak—they hiss at you. And you wonder at the statesmanship which cherishes such a volcano within its boundaries—and calls it an ally! I am referring, of course, to the Home Rule Irish Party—mostly Catholic—and am ignoring the Protestant Ulstermen, who sit with the Tories and delight to goad their countrymen to frenzy. Well, there they are—and yet, so far as this Parliament is concerned, the Irish Party has not really commenced business. Rightly or wrongly, they have been lying low in the expectation that the Liberals meant to do something handsome for them. They are only now awaking to the fact that Home Rule is as far away as ever, and I doubt not that next Session will witness many an Irish "scene." Still, it is difficult to form an opinion, for in Mr. John Redmond the Party has a leader who combines much sagacity with brilliant and unique oratorical power. Less incisive, perhaps, than Mr. Healy, he is, nevertheless, in my view, the most convincing speaker in the House. Always calm and yet full of fine feeling, a great master of phrasing, and possessed of a splendid faculty of exposition—the rarest of all faculties in politicians—he arrests your attention, and ultimately wins your sympathy. His heart is always under the control of his head, and there is, consequently, a manliness in his pathos which you can't resist. It always rings true. What his plans for next Session may be, I know not. But that he will put the cat amongst the Government pigeons is certain.

The Opposition.

This, strictly speaking, consists of the members of the late Government and their supporters—or such of them as have kept their seats. Its leader, of course, is the late Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour—who, after being defeated at the last election, was given a safe seat for the City of London. He is assisted by several of his late colleagues, but has for some time past been deprived of the help of his principal lieutenant—Mr. Chamberlain—in whose regrettable absence his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Long, Mr. Wyndham, Lord Balcarres, Mr. Lyttleton, and, latterly, Mr. Chaplin, alternately assume the rôle. Such was the rout of the General Election that Mr. Balfour's total forces number only about 150. Despite their numerical weakness, however, they are full of energy, and of either real or well-assumed enthusiasm. Mr. Balfour stands out, head and shoulders, above all the rest, and does pretty well as he pleases with his little army. The rank and file don't like him, but they fear him. Slippery as an eel, he has all the fascinating grace of its gyrations. He revels in his parliamentary position, and speaks twice as often as any other member. Some people think him a simple-minded, unsophisticated book-worm—a sexless, bloodless philosopher. Personally, I don't yet know what to make of him. He is an enigma. Much against my inclination, I can't bring myself to believe in his sincerity. Perhaps I am wrong—I hope I am. But I wish he would marry. I verily believe that his favourite pastime on a winter's night would be found to be sitting on a refrigerator, working out a problem in chess. He and Austen Chamberlain are the most uncanny couple in the House.

The Ministry.

And now a peep at the Treasury Bench. What an incongruous, incompatible collection of statesmen they are! Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey! Mr. Haldane and John Burns! Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell! Here, at least, are six men fundamentally opposed on many a burning problem of the day—Whigs and Radicals, "Imperialists" and "Little Englanders," Unionists and Home Rulers. Yet they sit together, and work together. What a handful they must be for the Prime Minister! Wonderful old "C. B."! There is the secret of the whole thing. Everybody loves "C. B." The loyalty Mr. Balfour exacts from fear "C. B." receives from personal devotion. He makes no pretence to the intellectual subtlety of Balfour—he calls it "fooling." But he is a shrewd old Scot, with a big heart, a sweet personality, and a charming wit. *His* winter pastime must surely be walnuts and port! Happy the man who is privileged to share them with him. Of the younger generation of his officers, Mr. Churchill, of course, stands out by himself. Dr. Macnamara hasn't yet had his chance—when it comes, he will not miss it. John Burns is the strongest personality in the Government; Asquith, the most brilliant—but icily cold; Grey, the most "correct"; Haldane, the most scholarly; McKenna, the most precise; Lloyd-George, the most irrepressible; Birrell, the most benign; Morley, the most melancholy; Gladstone, the most misunderstood, and "Winston," the best "form."

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

A Chamber of Horrors for Bogus Managers.

Some time ago on this page I dealt with the possibility of the Actors' Association, the Actors' Union, or some other professional organisation forming an elaborate Stage Rogues' Gallery. The main purpose of this Gallery, of course, would be the suppression of the bogus manager, but a useful secondary object it might serve would be the restraint, if not the abolition, of the bogus actor—the man who lives by touting and borrowing and getting unhonoured credit rather than by acting, and who brings great discredit and some discomfort upon the honest, hard-working, genuine actor. The establishment of this Gallery would require the setting apart of a large room at the Actors' Association premises, or the quarters of whichever professional organisation took up the work, for the formation of a sort of Theatrical Chamber of Horrors—or Beauty Exhibition. Here would be displayed the portraits (and any available biographical data) of the various persons who from time to time were discovered to be preying upon the members of the profession, or, under the guise of professionals, upon the larger public.

Gentlemen of the Road.

Until such a Gallery is established, there will be no approximately effective method for dealing promptly with these new-style Gentlemen of the Road and making a profitable continuance of their business difficult. Meanwhile, as I have before pointed out, the editor of the *Stage* newspaper does his best, despite wild threats of libel actions and other incidental dangers, to warn the profession and its friends against the more shameless rascals who flourish by exploiting them. The great drawback to the admirable activities of the editor of the *Stage* is their evanescence. His note of alarm is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and no sooner has it died away than the old villain with a new name returns not infrequently to his nefarious pursuits. Unfortunately, we have not yet arrived at that phase in the evolution of the theatre when the State will note the finger-marks and other physical peculiarities of all persons calling themselves actors and post them on the walls of all licensed premises within a thousand yards of the Strand. But, as a means of ready identification for members of a generally clean-shaved profession, the common portrait has its uses. Hung or filed at the professional headquarters, and circulated largely in reproduction through a professional fly-sheet as occasion required among the theatres, theatrical lodging-houses and the like, the facial characteristics of the Stage Villain might often prove his undoing and the salvation of his intended victims.

"The Happy Ending."

"Should plays end happily"? Put as baldly as this, the question is, of course, simply childish. Yet it has been asked in various directions lately, *apropos* Mr. St. John Hankin's just-published plays, which he calls "Three Plays with Happy Endings," and prefaces with a "Note on Happy Endings." What is meant by "a happy ending" to the stage play of commerce is a sloppy ending: an ending which will strike as "happy" the thin-minded persons who make up the bulk of the average theatre audience. Such endings, as every man of the world and some women know, as a rule, are brutal in the extreme. The astonishing thing is that our so-called leading dramatists—who follow the march of ideas at the respectful distance of a couple of decades or so—do not see it. Take the case of the last two plays of Pinero and Jones—"His House in Order" and "The Hypocrites."

The Wicked Ending.

In the former, the happy ending is simply abominable, but only one or two other critics in London besides myself had the wit or the courage to say so. It is discovered by a smug Nonconformist prig that his late wife (who had a great reputation for piety) was intriguing with another man, and that the only child of the smug one, a little boy, is not his at all really but the other man's. What is the happy ending to "His House in Order"? This child, instead of being handed over to his real father, who understood his mother and loves him, and is loved by him, is left with the smug one and his utterly incongruous second wife, who hates the memory of wife No. 1, and in her heart of hearts has a healthy contempt for her own ridiculously respectable husband. What sort of a life would such a happy ending offer to the little boy, especially should wife No. 2 be so inconsiderate as to present the smug one with legitimately-created offspring? Yet the audiences at the St. James's Theatre cheered this most sad and impotent conclusion, and Mr. William Archer and other decorous humanists hailed "His House in Order" as a "problem play" (God wot!) and a masterpiece.

The Humbug of Jones.

Again, in Mr. Jones' "Hypocrites" at the Hicks Theatre, what a falling-off is there from any genuinely happy ending. A youth is about to be married to money and unusual virtue, when the girl who hasn't money, and only the customary allowance of virtue, but with whom he used to live in Scotland (of all places), walks on and explains her delicate condition. The youth and his mother bully and disclaim the girl who hasn't money and who doesn't want money—in fact, won't have money, and desires only the youth, and will be content with very little of him. What is the ingenious Mr. Jones' happy ending—the happy ending of this Mr. Jones who bleats around the world about the falling-off in other people's plays and the decay of English popular taste? The ultra-virtuous feminine money-bag comes to Shadwell to "work among the poor," instead of marrying the young ass of the play; and—the moderately virtuous girl (one of the very best) marries him after all. Not only that: he takes her to India to live, *accompanied by her mother-in-law!* I nearly rolled out of my stall at this bewildering, inhuman, and humourless solution of a simple imbroglio that is solved every day of the week in London and Paris—in fact, in every big city, by processes as simple as those of Mr. Jones, much more self-respecting for the woman, wise for the man, and really moral and happy for all concerned. To marry an epileptic, with a savage for a mother, and that mother to live with her: if this is the happiest conceivable ending for a nice girl who has had a little bit of bad luck (in Scotland, of all places), I wonder what Mr. Jones would do to make her "unhappy."

Silly Women and Silly Plays.

And "His House in Order" and "The Hypocrites" are no worse, but much better than most of the popular plays with happy endings that bore the man of experience whom Fate sends often to our theatres. They end thus, although the dramatist will not admit it, because our playwrights and managers alike are afraid of the elderly married woman and the not so elderly unmarried woman, who wants to become one. Against all the facts of life, which these females see as through a glass darkly, if they see them at all, and are for the most part incapable mentally of estimating at their true value, the cry of the instinctively domestic feminine playgoer goes up: "Why don't he marry the girl"? It is the easiest way, generally, for the time being, in real life as on the stage; but is the happiest ending, always, the path of wisdom? I doubt it. "My plays," says Mr. Hankin, "leave their characters at the fall of the curtain with a reasonable prospect of happiness in the future. That is the most that life can do for any of us, and the most that can be asked of plays which represent life, or try to do so." This is admirably put, and equally sound is Mr. Hankin's observation that "half the marriages which the authors" of our plays "have so recklessly arranged" send us out of the theatre with a "tolerable certainty" that they must "turn out disastrous failures."

Brains at the Theatre.

Forunately more and more brains are being devoted every year not only to the writing of plays that sane men with a sense of humour and wise women with a soul can see without abhorrence, but to the preparation of the general public for the reception of such plays. The transfer of the management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker from Sloane Square to the Savoy, with reasonable prospects of financial success, would have been impossible ten years ago; for, good or bad, the plays they stage need thought and knowledge in the spectator, no less than intellect and sympathy in the writer. The Sloane Square experiment, under Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, gave a much-needed encouragement to other managers. Mr. Otho Stuart, at the Court, will try and continue the recent traditions of the house, whilst the programme forecast by Miss Lena Ashwell for her Kingsway Theatre reflects unmistakably the influences making for the New Drama. That drama really will end happily, for the most part, no doubt. Because, if you wait long enough, and with sufficient cheeriness, most of the tangles of life straighten themselves out; and, as the English people become joyously thoughtful, they will demand that their drama shall meet their view just as the commercial play of to-day in the main meets the view of the duff-headed, uninspired people who pay for it.

P.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week.

SEE PAGE 1.

TO BE READ.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Port of Missing Men." By Meredith Nicholson. (London: Gay and Bird, 1907. Price 6s.)

The school of Anthony Hope survives and will probably enjoy long life. Its tone is healthy and vigorous; it glorifies a combination of high courage and infinite astuteness; it paints its villains a very deep black; it bristles with thrilling situations. Mr. Nicholson is an apt pupil of the school. He has not improved upon its methods nor departed from the old lines, but he keeps his readers enthralled, and that is the main purpose of a book of this kind. When I had begun "The Port of Missing Men," I could not lay it down until I had finished it, and I do not suppose I skipped more than six pages, which were expressions of the author's private opinions rather than deliberate padding. His characters are lifelike, and even his most startling incidents keep within the domain of probability. If I may make a few minor objections, I will say that the reigning dynasty of Austria is introduced under disguises which are too transparent for consonance with good taste; that the brisker incidents of hand-to-hand fighting are not always quite lucid; and that the hero might have been permitted to resume his rightful name at the end. But the book will be read and enjoyed.

"The Adventures of John Johns." By Frederic Carrel. (London: Laurie, 1907; 8th and popular edition. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Strong meat, my masters, too strong, I fear, for the tender digestion of the young. Mr. Carrel introduces us to a brilliant cad, who returned, almost penniless, from Australia, and forced his way to riches and distinction by amazing effrontery and will-power, combined with an utter absence of conscience. The way in which he utilised his successes with the fair sex to secure his own advancement is described with wonderful cynicism. That the man should ever have been tolerated in a drawing-room is at first incredible, but the author convinces us by his minute touches of character and dialogue. The persons of the drama are so much alive that we are almost persuaded they once did live and merry-make. Perhaps the author's greatest cleverness appears in his absolute impartiality. Most creators of blackguards in fiction throw some sort of glamour over their sorry heroes and disclose a partiality for them; or else they pull a long face and shudder. Mr. Carrel does neither. He merely sets down facts just as they occurred, and paints people exactly as they were. His book is pungent and acrid; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth; but I do not wonder that it has reached an eighth and popular edition. Mr. Carrel would do well to rewrite it in French.

"Beauty and Health in Youth and Old Age." By Mrs. John J. Webster. (London: Sonnenschein, 1907. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This is one of the most amusing books I have read for a very long time, none the less so because the humour is all unconscious. "It was never intended," we are told, "that old age should be ugly; that our limbs should be racked with aches and pains, and twisted out of all natural shape; that our veins should be swollen and standing out like cords. Our eyes were never intended to be watery and bleared, with what was once white turned into a veinous mass of red and yellow; and we were certainly never intended to use either artificial teeth for the greater part of our lives, or to go toothless." All these terrors, it appears, may be avoided, if we abstain from a diet "poisoned by uric acid and xanthin—that is to say, the ordinary diet of meat, fish, fowl, game and eggs, accompanied by tea, coffee, and cocoa." We are even promised "useful, happy lives" extending until we are "at least a hundred." All sorts of visions rose before my eyes. I beheld myself learning to play cricket in my second century, or becoming Prime Minister for the twentieth time at the millennium. But a second glance at the dietary restrictions made me feel like the rich young man in the parable. Even the elixir of life would be dear if I might only eat nuts and sip water. Here is the most generous menu which Mrs. Webster will allow: "*Breakfast:* 1 pint of milk; 6 ounces bread made into toast. *Luncheon:* 2½ ounces of pine kernels; slice of cake; one apple. *Dinner:* Soup, made with half-pint of milk and vegetables; cheese, grated and stewed, with 1 ounce of bread toasted; sprouts dressed with butter; potatoes; 1 ounce bread; tart; apple or dried fruit." This is recommended not only for beauty and longevity, but also as an economy. We are told that "it would not be likely to cost more than 1s. 6d. a day." But surely half-a-guinea per head per week is not an ungenerous allowance for those of us who enjoy three or four hearty meals a day, and many of the delicacies of the season. Mrs. Webster thinks otherwise. She contends that, if everybody spent 26 guineas a year on food, the money thereby saved would "provide all our poor with everything that is necessary for their health and well-being." Here is evidently an opportunity for another raging, tearing propaganda: "Spend eighteenpence a day on nuts and abolish the income-tax, pay off the national debt, provide old-age pensions, and solve all the problems of poverty!" Let us bring out our big drums and our megaphones and our magic-lanterns, and preach the glad gospel of nuts throughout the length and the breadth of the land. In conclusion, I will only mention that the book contains the advertisements of a nut-store and of a "sanitarium," where disciples may enjoy all the blessings of a diet of nuts. Why not send us all to the Zoo at once?

"Robert Thorne: The Story of a London Clerk." By Shan F. Bullock. (London: Laurie, 1907. Price 6s.)

I confess that I only read this book by the merest accident. I was deterred by a paper wrapper of garish orange hue, whereon the publishers have printed an uninviting synopsis, which reads almost like a hostile review:—

> In this book is given the record of a man in a Black coat—a pen-driver—a Twopenny Clerk. . . . We see him in his attic in a Kennington lodging-house; trudging with bag and umbrella over Waterloo Bridge; working on a stool in the Tax Office; seeking his small pleasures. . . . We see the little suburban home in the making. We see him living in it, and learn what came to him there. What he eats and drinks, what he wears, what he earns. . . . A page from the great Day Book of London town. The history of a little soul. . . . That is all.

This sounded so insufferably tedious that I flung the book aside, but I found it again after many days, and a casual glance inside captivated me at once. No one wants to read "the history of a little soul" except in the improbable event of illumination by genius. And here there is a light which is certainly akin to genius. The narrative is very long, mean, meticulous, occasionally drivelling with false pathos and real bathos. But it provides a concentrated essence of life. In the space of a few hours you may go through all the experiences of the saddest class in the land; and you do so in the company of a capable guide, who points out all the light and shade, all the qualities of British courage and pluck, which are modestly concealed beneath many a shabby black coat, all the comic relief of monotony, all the wonders of human vegetation. I sometimes wished that the author had never read Dickens; I wondered whether he had studied Zola, whose methods he has adopted unconsciously, perhaps even perfected. But I never doubted the author's originality. His gifts are all his own, and he will assuredly command a large audience. I will only extract one cameo:—

> He lived for the office. . . . He never made a mistake. He knew every strand of the ropes. He seemed tireless. He was order itself. Like a planet he moved in eternal routine. You might set your watch by his doings. At ten o'clock precisely he came in; at eleven drank a glass of water; at one-fifteen cleansed and brushed himself, drew his chair near a window, spread a red silk handkerchief over his knees, and spent half-an-hour in munching sandwiches, sipping water, and slowly assimilating the political leader of the morning's *Times*. Luncheon done, he carefully folded his sandwich-tin in brown paper and laid it beside his gloves on the mantel; then wiped his fingers on a duster; then lighted a cigarette, returned to the window, and for ten minutes stood looking upon the world without. So, for nearly every day of nearly thirty years, at the same minutes of the hour, Mr. Hope had stood smoking his cigarette and gazing out upon London. He never wearied of the sight. He loved all that . . . the colour, the very smell of London. It was part of his existence, of his career, of his tape-swathed self.

Let us remember that this is a type of the men who really rule England.

"Alphabet of Gardening." By T. W. Sanders. (London: Collingridge, 1907. Price 2s. net.)

This is an excellent little book which will be useful not only to beginners but also to experienced gardeners. It is full of hints about pruning, budding, grafting, and striking cuttings. It even touches on hybridising. The diagrams and illustrations are very clear, and the whole manual is full of common-sense.

"JIM CROW" AT CARLSBAD.

OUR ECCENTRIC CONTRIBUTOR "TAKES THE WATERS."

When we last week heard from Mr. Crow, he was at a French watering-place; but to our intense surprise we heard, the other day, that he had followed the Editor to Carlsbad—with the intention of emulating the example of our Chief, and "taking the waters." We regret, however, to have to state that he has hopelessly broken down. The waters were too strong, and this is how the Editor discovered him, after a two days' search.

MR. CROW IS INDISPOSED.

"Doing the Cure" in his own way:—

HE RESUMES HIS "CURE."

'OOKEY'S SYNDICATE.

By C. Jarvis.

"We 'ad a most remarkable bloke in the battalion a few years ago," remarked Private Coles to the occupants of the canteen during a lull in the conversation. "'Ookey Scrubbs was 'is name, and 'is one idea was to make money. 'E 'ad several ways o' doing of it. One was by lending out money to blokes, and getting it back on pay day with an extra sixpence for every shilling borrowed. Everybody 'ated 'im for doing of it, but 'e was very useful when you was dying of thirst in the middle of the week.

"The most remarkable thing of all was the Defaulter's Insurance Syndicate. All you 'ad to do was to pay threepence a week into the Syndicate, and you could rely on being remoonerated if some offishus sergeant ran you in. If you dropped in for a dose o' C.B., you received payment at the rate of threepence a day for every day you was a defaulter; if it was cells you got, the Syndicate paid you sixpence a day; for a drunk your fine was paid; and for absence without leave, the day's pay you was deprived of was made good. It was sound enough when it was explained to you.

"The first week or so all went well, and the one or two blokes who 'appened to drop in for punishments was 'ighly pleased, and called 'Ookey a publick benefactor. The trouble started when Darky Lee, Nobby Clark, Pat Murphy, and a few other bad characters joined. A few days afterwards Darky Lee scored 'is fifth drunk within three months, and was fined ten shillings and got ten days' C.B. 'Ookey paid up the money, which come to twelve and six, and was just getting over it, when Pat Murphy got three months' 'ard labour for striking a corporal, and sent a message from the guard-room that 'e wanted 'is two pound six shillings afore 'e was sent to prison. 'Ookey sent back that the money wouldn't be no good to 'im in chokey, but that 'e could 'ave it when 'e come out. There was no need for Pat to send a message back, as we could all 'ear what 'e was saying the other side of the barrack square, and next day 'e was brought up for obscene language and damaging 'is cell.

"One of the recrooties was so overcome at the easy way o' earning a couple o' pounds that 'e went and struck Sergeant James, the gym. instructor, 'oping to drop in for three months with the usual remooneration. 'E run up against a snag in Sergeant James, who, instead of making 'im a prisoner, give him the biggest 'iding 'e 'ad ever 'ad in 'is life. When 'e tried to get some money out of 'Ookey for the loss of 'is front teeth, 'e was told that the Syndicate was not liable for cases of assault, and that 'e 'ad 'is remedy in the police-court. Soon after this Nobby Clark came back from a 'oliday, was deprived of eight days' pay, and awarded fourteen days' C.B. 'Ookey managed to pay up this amount with a little assistance from 'is private money, and, just as the Syndicate was getting on its legs again, Darky Lee 'ad another drunk with a ten bob fine, and a hundred and sixty-eight hours' imprisonment with hard labour. At the same time Pat Murphy came back and wanted 'is two pound six! Poor ole 'Ookey nearly went off 'is crumpet, but managed to settle up by selling off 'is kit and drawing out of the savings bank.

"'E then 'eld a board meeting, and gave out that bad characters could not insure themselves at the same rate as well-behaved men. In future they would have to pay according to the number of defaulter sheets they 'ad. For one they would 'ave to pay threepence, for two ninepence, and for three two-and-three, and so on. This choked off Pat Murphy, and the rest o' the bad lots, excepting Darky Lee, who still 'ung on and made it pay. 'E said 'e'd never been so well off in his life.

"'Owever, this put the Syndicate on a firm footing again, and 'Ookey 'ad just built up a decent little balance at the bank, when the thing 'appened which knocked the bottom out of it. There was a very smart young corporal in the regiment, and the knowing ones could see that 'e was marked out for a future sergeant-major. To think that he would ever be reduced to the ranks was ridiculous, and so 'Ookey thought when he came up and asked 'im what he would charge to insure 'im for twenty pounds against reduction during the next three months. 'Ookey thought this was a safe snip, and said 'e'd do it for a quid, and Corporal Blake pulled out the money and asked 'im for a receipt, which 'Ookey give 'im.

"Next day we was very surprised to 'ear that Corporal Blake was charged with desertion from another regiment, afterwards being reduced to the ranks.

"After this 'Ookey put the Syndicate into liquidation, and appointed me official receiver. What does it mean? Ah, that's what a lot o' blokes wanted to know. 'Ookey said I was to receive all the money what was paid in, but all I ever received was a punch on the jor from Darky Lee, who'd got another drunk and wanted 'is claim settled. 'E got it then, and middling lively, too."

IN THE CITY.

THE RAILWAY POSITION.

It is not surprising that the announcement that a ballot is to be taken as to whether the railway men, or rather those belonging to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, should, in the event of their demands not being conceded by the Companies, go upon strike, has had a serious effect upon quotations, and that a heavy fall is shown in prices as compared with a week ago. We can only hope for the sake of all concerned, that is to say, for the sake of the whole country, that the extreme measure of a strike will be avoided. Something has been gained by the delay consequent upon submitting the question as to whether there shall be a strike or not to the men, but it would be futile to deny that as matters stand the outlook is menacing. If the strike comes, the railway companies will have to bear a heavy responsibility, for the most prominent point at issue is a matter of procedure, and it is whether the railway companies shall, or shall not, recognise the Union or its officials. If the companies conceded this point, then beyond question they would have gone far to ensure the amicable settlement of those questions of wages, hours, and the like that are at issue between them and their men, and for the life of us we cannot see why they should not concede it. It is not as if it were some leap in the dark, some perilous experiment, the failure of which might be financially disastrous to the companies, or dangerous to the safety of travellers. The point has been fought again and again by other great trade organisations, interests not inferior to the railway interest. In the end the men have had their way, and now, by general admission—by admission of employers as much as of men—it has been found that the recognition of the Union, or its officials as spokesmen of the men, has worked well. Why should it be different in the case of the railways?

Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who is one of the most prominent spokesmen on the part of the railway directors, has made the following statement, to which we direct particular attention:—

> "It is a mistake to say that we do not recognise the union. If a man is discharged, and he belongs to the union, he goes to Mr. Bell, and Mr. Bell comes and talks the matter over with the superintendent. We realise, however, that we are responsible to the public for their safety, and we do not think that Mr. Bell should attempt to run the railway or tell us what we are to do."

Here the principle for which the men are fighting is conceded. The company of which Mr. Bonsor is Chairman recognises the right of Mr. Bell, as officially representing the Union, to discuss the question of the discharge of men with the management. But if the South-Eastern Railway Company consents to discuss this question with Mr. Bell as representing the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, why should the company object to listen to the society's officials upon matters of more serious moment?

Sir A. J. Otway, until recently Deputy-Chairman of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, says:—

> "It would be very foolish of the men to strike. The companies have beaten them before, and could do so again."

That seems to us hardly the spirit in which the matter should be approached. The public at any rate will not confine itself to asking whether the companies can beat the men or not. They will rather ask whether the claims of the men are reasonable and just. Now, what are those claims? They were formulated in January, and so far as we know they have not been altered since. They are as below:—

> Eight-hour standard day for all concerned in the movement of vehicles.
>
> Ten-hour day for all others, except platelayers.
>
> No man to be called out for duty with less than nine hours' rest.
>
> Minimum of rate and a quarter for all time worked over standard hours.
>
> Sunday duty (*i.e.*, midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday), minimum payment of rate and a half.
>
> Immediate advance of 2s. to all grades who do not receive the eight hours' day.
>
> All grades in London district a minimum of 3s. per week above country districts wages.
>
> Recognition of the men's union.

On the face of them, these demands are not unreasonable. They are certainly such as deserve discussion, and the serious consideration of railway directors. In all these matters more is asked than would be accepted. Bearing this in mind, we doubt whether the public will consider that the claims put forward by the men are unreasonable or inequitable. At the same time, Mr. Bell and their other leaders will not, we are sure, urge them to unwise courses. Being the able and moderate men they are, they will remember that the issue of a struggle between employers and employed, when the employers are such a powerful organisation as the Railway interest, must always be very doubtful. They will not, it may be hoped, forget how much the whole country of which they form part must suffer from a general strike of railway men, and, bearing these things in mind, we trust they will not close the door to any possible arrangement that may give them the substance of their demands, or even the concession of some of them. On the other hand, there must be many railway directors who are prepared to go to the very utmost verge of concession rather than face the inevitable and disastrous consequences of a general strike of railway servants.

THE BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSURANCE.

In our issue of August 24th there appeared a letter in which a correspondent dealt at considerable length with the position of this company. Soon after the publication of this letter we received a visit from its managing director, Mr. A. B. Baker. Mr. Baker did not question the accuracy of the figures given by our correspondent, which, indeed, were mostly taken from the official documents of the company, but only his deductions. We said that we would of course give room to any reply Mr. Baker might think it desirable to make on behalf of the company. Mr. Baker replied that he would prefer that an independent accountant should examine the books and make a report, which should be taken as the reply of the corporation. We saw no objection to this course, which seemed to us to have its advantages over a mere statement from an interested party like the managing director of the company assailed. It was therefore arranged that Messrs. Davis and Co., of Metropolitan Buildings, 63, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., should report, and Mr. Baker sends us a copy of their report, which is as below:—

> We have attended at the offices of the British Natural Premium Life Association, Limited, as arranged, and all the certified accounts, reports, books and transactions of the company were placed at our disposal, together with the correspondence between the company and the writer of the letter published in your issue of August 24th.
>
> It appears your correspondent is not a shareholder, as mentioned by you, but a holder of two life policies for £250 each, paying annual premiums amounting to £12 1s. 7d. He does not appear to understand the nature of the business carried on by the company, nor the accounts as issued, which appear to have been regularly kept and duly certified.
>
> As a policy-holder only, his interests lie in the policy-holders' account, which is shown separately in the general accounts of the limited company, and the funds of the life assurance branch are controlled by trustees specially appointed for this purpose, and the income from life premiums and policy-holders' investments are received by the Association and paid periodically to the trustees, and all claims are paid by them after investigation and approval by the Board of Directors, and no monies are repaid by the trustees to the Association for any purpose, and all claims upon policies are paid by cheques of the trustees direct.
>
> This branch of the company's business is distinct from the industrial and sick benefit fund as carried on by the company. It is a mistake, therefore, to take items out of the policy-holders' account and mix them up with the other branch of the company's business, and this error your correspondent appears to have fallen into.
>
> By the courtesy of the managing director, we have seen a reply of the company to your correspondent, which treats in detail with the points raised by him. All the figures quoted in this letter are contained in the printed certified accounts in the possession of your correspondent.
>
> The suspension of the late general manager was in accordance with a recommendation contained in a resolution of a special committee of investigation, appointed by the shareholders in March, 1906, and which recommendation was confirmed by the shareholders in general meeting.
>
> This committee reported, amongst other matters, on the great expense at which the business had previously been carried on, a report which on investigation appears to have been fully justified, and the Committee expressed their satisfaction with the drastic measures and economies already adopted by the Board.
>
> We have carefully examined the result of this alteration with expenses for the eight months of the current year, and there appears no doubt that the accounts at the close of this and future years will show substantial profits in place of the previous adverse balances.

THE COPPER OUTLOOK.

The depression in the copper market promises to become more acute. There is a considerable bear account, and buyers have only the copper necessary to supply their day-to-day needs, but the decline in the price of the metal is not likely to cease until a level is reached at which the larger consumers will be induced to enter the market on a specu-

lative basis and buy heavily for future requirements out of the large supplies on hand. Prices have fallen heavily, but the level that will bring in these large consumers does not seem as yet to have been reached. Some American authorities hold that it will not be reached until the price gets down to 14 cents, or even 12. Few place it as high as 18, the figure at which leading producers are now selling, though consumers are getting copper through second hands at about 16. At 15 there would not be much in the way of dividends for the copper companies. It was estimated at the close of last month that the accumulation of copper in the United States amounted to 250,000,000 pounds, which is equal to a fourth of the American annual copper production. Until this surplus has been reduced prices may be expected to continue to fall away.

PREMIUM BONDS.

Extensive advertising is creating such a large demand for premium bonds, that it may be useful to show that the price asked by the people who are so largely pushing these bonds, the International Securities Syndicate, has little relation to market value. In illustration, we give the price of half a dozen of these bonds as quoted by the Syndicate, and compare them with the current market price:—

Name of Bond.	Syndicate's Quotation.	Market Price.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
City of Paris (1865) ...	23 0 0	21 5 6
French Credit Foncier ...	21 0 0	20 6 0
City of Brussels	5 0 0	4 8 0
City of Antwerp	4 15 0	4 2 0
Corporation of Ghent ...	4 5 0	3 11 6
Suez Canal Bonds ...	26 0 0	24 0 0

It will be seen that the Syndicate charges over 7 per cent. in excess of the market price; and when they sell upon the instalment system—as they do in most cases—the difference is very much greater.

Readers interested in United States Steel would do well to note that Steel Common at present price is selling on about a 6½ per cent. basis. Some gilt-edged American Railroad stocks are selling on a 7 or 8 per cent. basis.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. T. (Plymouth).—You ask us if we should recommend a correspondent to insure with this Company after reading the correspondence, copies of which you send us, you have had with the Company. We see nothing in that correspondence to make us think less well of the Prudential. You insure your mother's life, and pay the premiums for several years, assuming the insurance to be with her knowledge and consent. After several years your mother quarrels with you for having insured her, saying it was done without her knowledge, and you apply to the Company to cancel the policy and refund the premiums. They refuse, and in refusing they seem to be within their right. They refuse to believe that your mother was not cognizant of the insurance. You say the agent misled them to you, but you cannot reasonably expect them to accept that explanation. Although your mother denies her consent, she is quite ready to get what advantage she can out of the policy. If you carry out your threat and go to law, you will waste your money to no purpose.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO PREFERRED.—CONSTANT READER (Newport).—These shares, at their present price and yield, represent an excellent investment.

FRY AND CO.—We do not quite understand your letter, but we will bear it in mind if inquiries are made of us.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK.—H. B. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—It is perfectly safe. We thank you for your good wishes.

SUNDRY SHARES.—J. B. (Windsor).—(1) Keep the Vickers Maxim. (2) Either of the two mining shares you name should be a good purchase at present price.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—REGULAR SUBSCRIBER (Oldham).—What is it you want to know about the Company? Your letter gives no indication. J. M. (Forest Gate).—We do not advise it.

CINDERELLA DEEPS.—B. C. (Clapham).—(1) We do not advise the purchase. (2) You should deal with a member of the Stock Exchange.

FREDERICK SAGE AND CO. (1906), LTD., STOCK (Tunbridge Wells).—We will inquire into the matter.

THE OAK FARM DAIRY COMPANY.—RUFUS (Torquay).—We have no information as to the present position of this Company.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—H. E. D. (Brighton).—(1) We note you hold a Bond upon which you have paid £62, and for which you would take £52. We think it very unlikely you could get anything approaching this sum for it. (2) We have no information respecting Motoriste Limited.

SAVE DEPOSIT.—W. H. C. (Parsons Green).—We have no reason to question the solvency of the institution you name, but we should prefer one of older standing. A. J. N. (Finsbury).—See previous answer. DOUBTFUL (Balham).—Ditto.

LE ROI.—NERO (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We should not increase the holding.

FARROW'S BANK.—BANK (Poplar).—Yes, we think so.

WARD CHEMICAL CO.—C. R. (Preston).—We know nothing about them, but may safely advise you not to forward them 20s. for their cure for drunkenness. We have no belief in any of these so-called drink cures.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—R. C. (Liverpool).—The answer to your first question is in the negative, and to your second in the affirmative. B. A. W. (Bowes Park).—We do not agree in the opinion as to the Willoughby Consolidated Shares.

INDUSTRIAL SHARES.—J. H. (Ilford).—Imperial Tobacco Preferred would give you the rate you want with excellent security.

THEL AND CO.—C. H. (Walberton).—Throw their circulars into the fire. The chance of your winning a prize would be of the remotest.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—WHIRLWIND (Dublin).—Their advertisements give the particulars you want. As to depositing with them, we never recommend depositing with people who offer 10 per cent. interest, but we have no reason to suppose the "Bank" does not pay what it offers, or that it is not financially sound. It makes from 30 to 60 per cent. on the money it pays depositors 10 per cent. for.

INVESTMENT OF £150.—NOVICE (Wimbledon).—See our answer to J. H.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. H. R. (Chiswick).—Have nothing to do with the people whose circular you send us. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL. A. H. G. (Brixton).—Your are quite right in your surmise.

SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—R. A. A. (Battersea).—Yes. We know nothing against the Building Society you name.

CONTINENTAL PREMIUM BONDS.—J. F. M. (Glasgow).—We answer some of your questions in another column. For the rest, the article taken from "Pearson's Weekly Advertisement Supplement" you send us is grossly misleading. For example—"You will very likely earn a fortune." To say that the purchasers of one or two of these Bonds will "very likely earn a fortune" is to say that which is shamelessly untrue.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. G. (Ilford).—You would have great difficulty in selling for more than the surrender value you could get from the Association. ANON. (Sutton Coldfield).—We do not know what you can do. You cannot force the Association to do more than it has undertaken to do. If you will send us full particulars as to your original contract, what has been done upon it, and what you want to do, we will look into the matter. W. S. (Brighton).—Yes, it is financially strong, and carries out its engagements. If you want a Bond, why not try one of those offered by our correspondents? A. G. S. (of 26, Park Avenue, North Hornsey, N.) would like to communicate with some one of our readers who has a £250 or £300 Provident Bond for sale. It must be fully paid up for five years. T. G.—You should communicate with "E. W. P.," of 21, King Henry's Road, Primrose Hill, N.W. J. I. (Kilburn) has a £500 Provident Bond Ballot. He has paid in £28 3s. 4d., and he would take £10. Also a £300 Bond upon which he has paid £8 13s. 4d., and for which he would take £3, or a near offer.

IPSWICH CORPORATION.—E. E. (Ipswich).—We thank you for the letter you send us from the Chief Engineer and Manager of the Corporation Electric Supply and Tramways Department. We note that the undertaking "has to receive assistance from the rates."

CURRENT ACCOUNT.—H. E. P. (South Norwood).—We should prefer the Birkbeck Bank.

SICKNESS INSURANCE.—DORSET BLUE (Poole).—You could not do better than insure with the Century. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

STOCK BROKER'S CLERK.—E. O. C. (Dunstall).—We regret we can be of no service to you.

THREE INVESTMENTS.—W. J. B. (Harrogate).—We do not advise you to invest money in either of the concerns you mention.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—W. A. H. (Staines).—Tell us what yield upon your capital you are looking for, and we will give the names of securities that would give it, or come nearest to it, with fair security.

METROPOLITAN CONSOLIDATED 3 PER CENT.—METRO. (Wealdstone).—(1) The stock is redeemable in 1941.

FOREIGN BONDS.—JOE (H.M.S. Barham).—You have practically undertaken to pay from 30 to 40 per cent. more for the Bonds you have bought than the price at which you could have bought them from firms who deal squarely. As it is, you had better pay the balance remaining due. The Bonds are genuine enough.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM CORPORATION.—W. ACKROYD (Lower Wortley).—You will see the official reply in another column.

WILDGOOSE'S CONSOLIDATED.—H. S. P. (Bristol).—We do not recommend a purchase, nor do we think the shares you name are likely to pay a dividend just yet.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—A. J. (Southampton).—It depends upon the return you want. What would satisfy you? Have no dealings with the people you name. W. E. B. (Enfield Wash).—Gordon Hotels 5½ per cent. Cumulative preference, at present price, would give you over the yield named.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—FAS ET GLORIA (Newhaven).—Our advice would differ from that of your friend.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. M. (West Hartlepool).—We understand that certain policy holders have taken proceedings in the Courts to test the validity of the action of which they and you complain.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOMES, LIMITED.—J. E. S. (Nottingham).—The reply is in the negative.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—C. H. H. (Great Missenden).—We think not.

BOGUS INSURANCE COMPANIES.—B. (Manchester).—We note what you say about the British United Insurance Corporation, Limited. Send us particulars if you have them, and don't forget your name and address, as you have done in the letter before us.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.—A. T. G. (Bayonne, U.S.A.).—We thank you for the pamphlet. We have asked the Publisher to attend to your request.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—T. F. S. (Hankow, China).—We have no "prejudice" in the matter, nor have we suggested that these Bonds are "unsafe." What we have said, and say, is: (1) That we see no advantage in buying them, and (2) if any of our readers *will* have them, they should buy them from respectable firms who charge the fair market price, and not from people like the International Securities Syndicate, who charge many per cent. above the market rate.

THE FIRST STOCKTON-ON-TEES ECONOMIC BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. T. (Stockton-on-Tees).—What is it you complain about? It seems to us that the Society has made you a very fair offer in offering you £10 7s. 4d., and they do not seem to have broken their contract with you in any way.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—J. F. (Bow).—"Six to seven per cent." with good security is not common, but you would get it from Gordon Hotels 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference, Imperial Tobacco Preferred Ordinary, D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd., Eastman's Cumulative Preference, Bovril Cumulative Ordinary.

STATEMENT IN PROSPECTUS.—AFRICA (Dalston).—If it was stated specifically in the prospectus that a certain person would join the board after allotment—a statement which induced you to take shares—and after allotment he has not joined, and does not intend to join, that might be ground of rescission of contract.

CASSELL'S LIMITED.—ONE WHO KNOWS (Dalston).—We are obliged to you for your letter.

PROFESSOR HERRMANN.—C. H. T. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We have your letter, and will give consideration to its allegations.

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—PAGE DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL (Dept. 48), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Uncle Jonathan, U.S.A.

Guess you're gettin' sort of tired o' them thar Philippine Islands, unk dear. Just ben readin' in one of the journals thet up ter date they've cost yew 400,000,000 dollars, or, reckoned in the money of my great country, £80,000,000. Some of yewr newspapers are advocatin' that the Philippines should be put up ter auction an' knocked down tew the highest bidder. It ain't my business tew interfere; but ez I figger it they ain't doin' yew a deal of good, an' ef yew kin trade 'em back anyway on King Alphonso failin' a bid at auction, I should sartinly fix up the deal ef I wur yew. Ez the *Herald* remarks, yew could have built 45 high-class battleships with the money thet yew have spent on them thar islands. Howsomever, yew won the fight with the Spaniards an' yew've got the spoils, an' ef yew can't trade 'em or auction 'em yew'll have ter keep 'em for ever an' ever. Anyway, yew kin bet yewr bottom dollar thet yew can't trade 'em, or sell 'em, or give 'em to me, ez I've done spekalatin' in extraneous securities till I see a land-steal thet 'll pay good interest on the popguns an' powder. I ain't ben lucky thet way myself lately, an' thet's why I ain't takin' any more financial risks jest at present. Of course, I'm not saying what the force of circumstances 'll drive me tew. I'm due tew be invaded by the Germans in 1910, so thet after all I may have tew go over an' steal Berlin, Frankfurt, an' other sausage establishlishments in the ordinary course of bizness. I kin see my way clear tew run the hull dummed German Empire at a profit, though I ain't figgered out the percentage in detail. Ez to thet yew shall have further noos when there is any. Meanwhile, I'm glad the Philippines ain't any of my funeral.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Bishop of Bangor.

Dear Lord! I hear very bad accounts of you. It appears that immediately after your unpopular appointment, by the late Government, you migrated to Anglesey, of all places in your diocese, so that clergymen and others who may wish to see you must cross the water or take a five-mile drive! An extremely wealthy man, you are reputed to be the quintessence of meanness. Some years ago you had the honour of laying the foundation-stone of the Bangor Intermediate School for Boys, and you were the only person in the place who did not subscribe to the funds; whilst only after great delay have you given a relatively small donation to the New University College. They say that you don't reply to the letters of your clergy, and they are smiling at your acceptance of the Presidency of the British and Foreign Bible Society and your failure to put in an appearance at its annual meeting. They also laugh at the way you read those Welsh sermons, and they complain that you shut yourself up in your luxurious palace and take no part whatever in local affairs.

My Lord, if these things be true, you are a sorry disciple of the Man of Nazareth, and you had better postpone your dying till the camel has learnt to hop through the eye of a needle.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Mortimer Burgess, Experience Cottage, Feltham.

Sir,—I note that at the instance of a fellow-passenger on the South-Western Railway, you have been summoned for travelling in a carriage already carrying its full complement of passengers although requested to leave, and that the Feltham magistrates have fined you one shilling and costs according to the bye-law in that behalf made and provided. I have no personal feeling against you whatever. But on public grounds I am glad of the decision, as far as it goes, and I should be delighted if the case were carried to the House of Lords and there confirmed. The overcrowding of our railway carriages has assumed the proportions of a public nuisance and a public scandal. You are in the position of thousands of other people. Railway companies neglect to provide sufficient accommodation. Rather than miss your train, you rush into the carriage, and whether you have to sit on the floor, or hang on by a strap, or recline on somebody's lap, or dwell on somebody's callosity, is apparently a matter of little importance as long as you are going with the train. But it follows, apart from the inconvenience caused to passengers already in possession of seats, that while you are willing to travel in carriages already full, railway companies will not provide more rolling-stock, by which the overcrowding evil would be remedied. It is not to be expected that the companies will undertake these prosecutions, but that they should be undertaken wholesale I have no doubt whatever. The onus is thrown on the seated passenger, who, however, has seldom the courage of his convictions, or can afford the time and trouble involved in asserting them. In the carriage in which you travelled, happily, there chanced to be an independent gentleman named Hartley, and to him your conviction is due. I am much obliged to him, for if every seated railway passenger acted as he has done, the number of passengers left behind at every train journey would be so considerable that public opinion would quickly crystallise into a demand that Parliament should compel every railway company to provide adequate seating accommodation for the travelling public. Three cheers for Hartley!

JOHN BULL.

To Robert Bell, Esq., M.D., 15, Half Moon Street, London, W.

Dear Doc.,—Never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, but doubtless I shall have if and when I start on the diet you are so kind as to recommend. "A suitable diet for a full grown man," you say, "is as follows: An onion, a few carrots, and some lettuce ground up fine in a mincing machine, eaten with a little cheese. Do you want to see me worn to a shadow? Take my word for it that, apart from the fact that the menu is not sufficiently rekerky, there is not enough substance in it to nourish my little toe. Onions are very reliable used as a poultice; lettuce is good in a lobster salad or a salmon mayonnaise, and cheese is excellent in the last lap of a seven-course dinner; but when you recommend a full grown man to face them for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper as a regular diet I can only say I am amazed that you have not attracted the attenion of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Do you ever ask anybody to dine with you?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Hell, Policeman, St. Louis.

My dear Bobby,—According to the papers, you have been ordered to change your surname, or resign from the force. As this would probably send you to the devil, I suppose you will consider discretion the better part of valour.

You could not very well take the name of Heaven. But what about Evans? Or, to give an aristocratic touch, Cook-Lover?

Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" and, without any disrespect to the immortal bard, I answer, a great deal. For instance, a soldier could not very well enlist with such a name as Adam Coward, or a doctor practise with Hall Pain on his brass plate. Jerry-Builder would soon prove disastrous. Or, as the late Mr. George Jacob Holyoake once said, "Call a rose a pole-cat, and see if it will smell as sweet."

True, there is John Burns, who is cool. You have a Rockyfeller, who is somewhat soft; and you had a Longfellow, who was rather short. Following this analogy, you are doubtless a good young man, and as cool as a cucumber. But, still, the order has gone forth, and you must obey. You see, if anyone needed your assistance, your superiors could not very well say, "Go to Hell," could they?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. M. Marsh, Vicar of Shaldon, Devon.

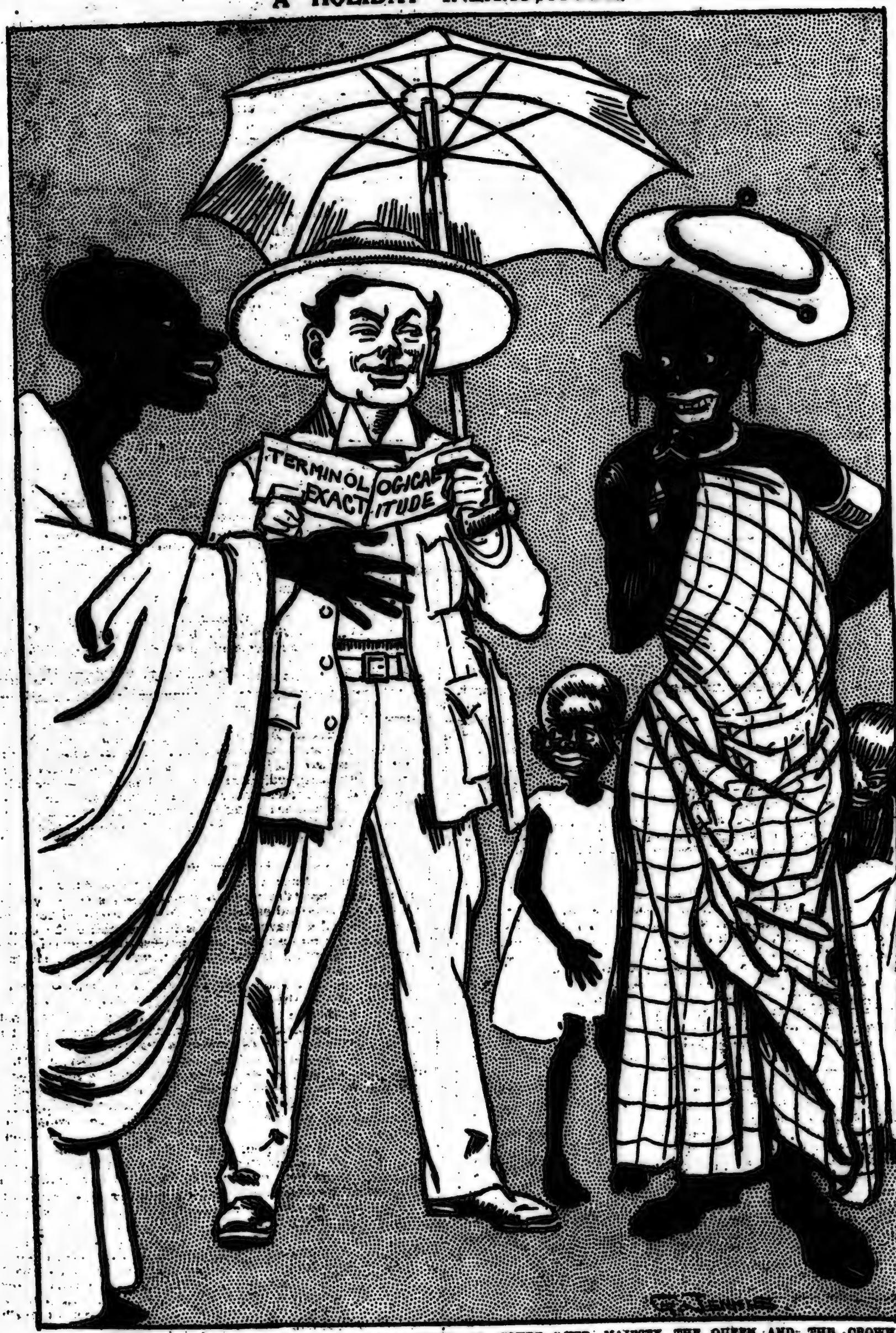
Rev. Sir,—I observe that at a recent wedding in your parish you had the "painful duty" imposed on you of requesting some ladies who entered the church without hats to depart. You have now affixed a notice on the church door warning hatless females that they cannot be admitted. Why this alarming boycott? Don't you like the way they do their hair?

Come, let us reason together. I do not know whether you ever attend the theatre, but if you do, and prefer a glimpse of the stage to an uninterrupted view of the roof, you must have uttered many a fervent prayer for that blessed day when every woman will be compelled to hang her hat on the floor or leave it in the cloak-room. How much more, then, is it desirable that the ladies of your congregation should give the men a chance to see you when you read the lessons and preach the sermon? If I were to add anything to the Litany, I should say, "From all women's hats in Churches, Theatres, Concert Halls, and other public places, good Lord deliver us." You boycott women for not putting their hats on. Why not boycott men for taking their hats off? A top hat looks just as well on Sundays as a vari-coloured mushroom straw decorated with feathers. At all events, it would hide you from human sight just as effectually.

Pray don't be so silly, my dear vicar. It is one thing to be foolish, but it is another to make yourself look foolish. A woman may be quite as devout without her hat as with it. Even more so indeed, for then she will not have the temptation of being drawn to church just to see the hats of the other women. You cannot run the Gospel to much account on feathers—take my word for it.

JOHN BULL.

A HOLIDAY INEXACTITUDE.



WINSTON IN DARKEST EAST AFRICA—AN INTRODUCTION AT COURT—"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE CROWN PRINCE."

THE MODERN GIRL SPEAKS.

By W. BARRADELL-SMITH.

They say that I'm expensive—
  Without a single grain
Of common-sense—I'm also
  Inordinately vain;
I haven't got a notion
  Outside the world of dress;
I'm everything that's wicked,
  And nothing good, I guess.

I only think of pleasure—
  All serious things I bar;
The height of my ambition's
  To own a motor-car.
Supplied with pearls and diamonds
  Misfortune I defy—
My sole pre-occupation,
  The omnipresent I.

I'm selfish and untruthful—
  I'm weak and fickle, too—
I'm versed in all the vices
  From China to Peru;
Though I can thread the mazes
  Of Mr. Bradshaw's book,
I'm lost with Mrs. Beeton—
  I simply *cannot* cook.

My day's one mad excitement
  From morn to evening star—
My god is Jean de Reszké,
  My church—the opera.
At Bridge I win—by cheating!
  (My code of honour's low)
And if I lose, it's easy
  To owe, and owe, and owe.

From Lincoln until Goodwood
  You find me in the rings,
Expert as any "bookie,"
  Queen of the Sport of Kings.
I chat with touts and trainers—
  I'm not ashamed to get
Tips from the sorriest rascal
  If I can win a bet.

And if from patient Nature
  Too much I'm prone to ask,
I fly for consolation
  Unto the brandy-flask.
Yes; I'm a secret drinker—
  And if I turned T-T,
Someone would say 'twas only
  A 'cute hypocrisy.

At night or rather morning
  (I go to bed at three),
Is it at all surprising
  Sleep will not come to me?
But science, kindly science,
  Can soon supply the lack
Of slumber; so, behold me,
  A morphomaniac!

Ye gods! I ought to shudder
  When I reflect I am
A very Wolf, who should be
  A meek and stainless Lamb.
And if I try to follow
  The other sex, it's fine
To hear the critics mutter
  "How very masculine!"

One service I can render—
  One virtue's mine, confess!
I'm good for several columns
  In all the daily Press.
No paper's short of "copy"—
  No screed need fail to thrive
So long as men are readers
  And women are alive.

Whether discussion rages
  On "Woman: Is she True?"
Or, "Are Our Girls a Blessing?"
  Or, "What is She to *You*?"
Or, "Marriage in the Abstract,"
  Or, "Is Eve really worth
The Apple?"—I'm the topic
  That interests the earth.

Are men without one failing
  To make incessant fuss
About our peccadilloes—
  Always to write on Us?
Or are they less amusing?
  Or are they merely sly,
And hope to 'scape by putting
  Girls in the pillory?

But men are not the only
  Offenders in the case;
Women will earn a guinea
  By printing our disgrace.
Shameless, disloyal sisters!
  Take up your quills again,
And storm each dastard office
  With articles on men.

For me, the wild outpourings
  Bring comfort to my soul;
I *know* the things are libels,
  Black as a piece of coal.
I'm only . . . . . apprehensive
  Lest one day they may stop,
And journalists, exhausted,
  The Woman Question drop.

Till then, I rest contented,
  Happy to feel that I
Have power to thrill these millions
  So very easily.
Whether the casual reader
  Believes what he is told,
I care not, I'm The Problem,
  Alike for young and old.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By MRS. BULL.

TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT.

Studying the "Moral Maxims" of an ancient philosopher recently, I came across this statement: "You will never regret regularly eating too little!" Now these words express what is undoubtedly a modern fad; but, dear sisters, listen while I, too, speak. Heed not that moral maxim! Above all, if you are a woman who works, be very sure you will have cause to regret such self-denial. Many a girl repining over the lassitude that overtakes her ere the day is done, the difficulty of concentrating her mind steadily upon her work, whatever its nature, is unconsciously lamenting the fact that she regularly neglects to supply her poor brain and body with sufficient nourishment. After all, we are really only machines. What we consume is the fuel. And you need not think that when you have made your principal meal off tea, bread and butter, and an egg, or a glass of milk, a sausage-roll, and a jam-tart, because at the end of the repast you feel you could not swallow another mouthful, you have consequently done your duty by the machine. You have not done very much more than waste an appetite! And even if a more serious diet is provided, but too small a quantity is steadily taken, the same result ensues. As a rule we don't find men playing these silly semi-starvation antics; and, now that girls are going out into the world to fight the battle of life with equal seriousness, the sooner they stop it the better. There are any number of self-supportng women who have got into a vicious circle in this matter. They don't eat enough, therefore their work is poor in quality, and commands but a low standard of payment; therefore they cannot afford to buy themselves plenty of good, nourishing food, and so on, and so on—round and round all the days of their life! So, in conclusion, dear sisters, let me impress on your minds this contrary "moral maxim": "You will never regret well stoking the machine."

CORSETS.

Some women are obliged to take their food upon the system of "little and often," for the sadly prosaic reason that their corsets forbid the possibility of their putting away a good square meal at one sitting. Yet for many years now really serious tight-lacing has been out of fashion, partly owing to the prevalence of pouched bodices on all types of dress. Now we are gradually returning to well-fitting gowns, and the temptation to endeavour to acquire a wasp-waist will again assail at least a few empty-headed women. But a really infinitesimal circumference is the result of early effort. With the best will in the world, it is impossible to descend from twenty-four inches to sixteen or thereabouts. At present, whenever we see one of those extraordinarily wee waists, it is almost always surmounted by an elderly face; it was suffered for and acquired in the days when tight-lacing was last in fashion, and that was a good long time ago. I am not exaggerating when I use the word "suffer"; and if the elderly, wasp-waisted ladies of this country would not admit it, there are doubtless, amid the harems of Turkey, many plump females who would shout "Hear, hear" with alacrity. Some time ago a Turkish potentate visited England accompanied by his favourite wife, and she actually took back with her a dozen pairs of corsets to be used as instruments of torture for punishing disobedience amid the ladies of her court. Turkey, indeed, seems to be the country *par excellence* where the corset is a much misunderstood and maligned article of attire. Lady Mary Wortley Montague tells in her "Letters" of her amusement at the opinion that her very long-pointed eighteenth century corsets provoked in the minds of her harem acquaintances. They refused to believe that she wore them for choice, or could take them off at will. They persisted in thinking that her husband put her into them, and that he alone held the key.

A DAINTY COIFFURE.

One of the prettiest methods of decorating the *chevelure* for evening occasions is by means of threading ribbon in and out the locks. The hair should be waved and drawn either sideways or back from the brow. Taffetas or soft satin ribbon is most suited for the purpose, and it should be tied in a bow—large or small, as may prove most becoming—just over the left ear. A pretty variation of this idea, though somewhat striking and unusual, is to tie the

ribbon at the back, leaving long ends falling down to the shoulders.

DOGGY AIDS TO BEAUTY.

The latest thing for the motoring pet dog is a blue or white sweater, to be worn beneath a fur-lined overcoat; goggles protect his eyes from dust, and a hood keeps off the wind from head and ears. The pet dog in America is made even more fuss of, and it is no infrequent sight to see at some smart New York dinner-party the canine guests wearing as many priceless jewels upon their collars as it is their mistresses habit to hang upon themselves. There are laced boots, too, for the pet, composed of suede, of hues to match fashionable overcoats. The simple leather lead and collars have long fallen into disuse, and in their place we find elaborate dog harness, bejewelled collars, and costly gold chains. The French poodle accompanies his lady to the park wearing gold bracelets round his knees, lockets and chains about his neck, huge bows upon his head and back. To such straits are women with more money than brains reduced to find employment for their superfluous cash.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON'S NEW BOOK.

A most delightful book by Professor James Donaldson, the Principal of the University of St. Andrew's, has recently appeared under the simple title of "Woman," with the more descriptive sub-title "Her position and influence in ancient Greece and Rome, and among the early Christians." He gives particularly interesting accounts of Sappho, the poetess, and of Aspasia, both of whom he looks upon as the earliest advocates of "women's rights." He reminds us that Sappho was a Lesbian, and that though the women of this island were noted for the high standard of culture and liberty prevailing among them, their sisters amid the Ionians around were restricted to a position almost servile. "This," says Professor Donaldson, "would account for the treatment which the character of Sappho received in subsequent times, for all women who have dared to help forward the progress of their sex have almost uniformly been slandered and reviled. He treats with scorn the legend of "Violet-crowned, chaste, sweetly-smiling" Sappho's infatuation for a young fisherman, and her subsequent leap into the sea.

BABY'S SUGGESTIONS.

BY FRED G. PALMER.

I am a baby, and having just attained the age of fifteen months, I wish to register my strong disapproval of the treatment meted out to babies as a class, and myself in particular, by the thoughtless though undoubtedly kind-hearted people whom we honour as our parents.

Let me give an instance. The other day, accompanied by the guv'nor, the mater, and an aunt or so, I was going down to dear old Brighton for a few days. As we strolled along the platform, Aunt Sophia was holding my hand. Presently I heard her say—

"Where is us goin', Baba?"

Not only the execrable grammar, and the silly, treacley tone of voice, but also the colossal ignorance of the remark annoyed me, and I must confess to a slight loss of temper, but happily I was able to control my tongue, and to tell her, with a touch of asperity, that we were going in the train.

Instead of appearing abashed, my aunt actually laughed, and, turning to the mater, said—

"There! Did you hear that? Baba says we are 'goin' in ve train.' Isn't he clever?"

I was considerably annoyed, as may be readily imagined, not only at the absurd parody of my words, but at having so simple a remark taken for wit. Truly, we English have sunken when we laugh at such trifles.

Then again, the guv'nor, who is quite a decent chap in his way, forgetful of the dignity due to my fifteen months, will talk to me in an insane gibberish consisting largely of "ugs" and "googoos."

The very rhymes with which we are trotted out to bore unfortunate visitors with are futile pieces of prehistoric idiotcy; I have therefore rearranged a well-known rhyme, which I append, as a suggestion for the writers of juvenile poetry in the future.

"I love little pussie,
Her coat is so warm—

And, admitting the proviso that I do not in an excess of high spirits baste, biff, or in any way, manner, or fashion harm her,

She will, as a matter of course, not put into execution any of her multitudinous methods of injuring my person, thereby causing me to observe indignantly, "Confound her!"

That will be sufficient to show what I mean as regards the true and proper way to treat a gentleman of my standing.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

XXIV.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I do wish these ha'penny papers would not be so utterly trivial. Going home the other night, for instance, a contents bill shrieked at me in tremendous capitals: "Shaw Lost upon a Mountain." Who in thunder is Shaw? I asked myself. And why make more fuss because Shaw has been lost on a mountain than if Smith were lost in a coal mine, or Brown down a cellar.

Sheer curiosity compelled me to buy a paper, however. Then I discovered that his Christian names were George Bernard. That conveyed no more to me than if his Christian name had been plain Bill. The accounts were confusing. I could not quite make out whether Shaw was traveller for an advertising contractor or a man trying to sell a patent for a special kind of whiskers. There seemed no doubt that the mountain was in Wales. As a matter of fact it has been there many years. But nobody had seen Shaw climb the dizzy heights, and nobody seemed to know what he had climbed them for. Some conjectured that he had gone up the mountain to pray. Others guessed that he had gone up to commune with Nature and eat meat in secret. A rumour was also current that as he toiled upwards he had met a beauteous maiden. "Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in Shaw's bright blue eye, and still he answered with a sigh, "Excelsior!" Why did Shaw shout "Excelsior!" instead of "Hip, hip, hurrah!"? the white-faced people in the placid valley asked one another. "You never can tell," somebody answered; and as you never can, they turned into the hotel to take wine and discuss the awful tragedy.

For at least five minutes they waited. Still Shaw did not appear. Then with set teeth and compressed lips, with ambulance appliances in one cart and a full-sized vegetarian menu in another, three hundred Shawffeurs strode from the hotel through the cold and clammy mist. At the foot of the mountain the leader mounted the ambulance car and addressed the giddy throng. "Men and brothers," he said, "our grief is too full for words, too deep for tears. Here let us swear to find Shaw or perish in the attempt," and at once they all swore. Then they roped themselves together accordingly, and commenced their hazardous climb up the awful height to the clang of their bells.

The mist enveloped them as in a shroud. The moon gave no light. There were no stars, for it was not their evening out. Save for the wild, weird whispers of the pilgrims as they moved slowly forward, and the drowsy murmurs which lulled the distant fold, no sound broke the stillness of the awesome dark. "Let us light our farthing dips," said the leader; and in a few moments three hundred little points of light glowed dimly up the mountain pass. For half-an hour they toiled on, up, up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the eternal hills. "Pardon me," said one, as he slashed at the mountain thistles with his ice-axe, and planted his right foot firmly in the crevice, "but four buttons have broken away from my trousers, and—" "Hang your trousers," shouted the leader. "That's just it," answered the man, "they won't hang. Another step, and—" "Forward," cried the leader in shrill command; and the poor man toiled on, holding up his trousers in one hand while he gripped his alpenstock in the other.

At length they reached the towering summit. "Hello! hello!" shouted the leader, after the whole crowd had clanged their bells in one fearful din. "Shaw, are you there?" The answer which came back to him was the echo of his own voice. "Ring off," he commanded. "Vaulting ambition may have o'erleapt itself and fallen on t'other side. Shaw ain't here, anyhow. Let us rest." Wearily but gladly they unroped themselves, and then sat them down, alone with the invisible stars. "Let us consume the wittles," cried the leader anon, and they consumed the wittles. If they had stumbled up against Shaw five minutes later they could not have found sufficient lentils to stay his hunger with soup. Soon Morpheus touched their heavy eyes and composed their aching limbs; and there on the mountain top, they slept as those who toil but never spin.

When they came down in the morning they went into the palatial room in which this man Shaw had lived out his brief inglorious day. Loudly the leader knocked, but there was no answer. The next instant the door was smashed to splinters, and on the satin coverlet lay Shaw, his glassy eyes staring vacantly into the great Unknown, his right hand grasping a six-ounce bottle of prussic acid. He had swallowed the lot. "Suicide while in a state of permanent insanity," said the coroner's jury two days afterwards. And it was so.

POLICE PENSIONS.

(By a Correspondent.)

"A policeman's life is not a happy one." So runs the old song, but times change and this sentiment appears to me to be now out of date.

I am confirmed in this conclusion by a recent paragraph in a local paper to the effect that Superintendent Carney, of the Leeds Police, is shortly to retire, at the age of 48, on a pension of £133 per annum, and is succeeding to a good appointment in the same city.

I congratulate Mr. Carney, who is held in the highest esteem in Leeds, and whose retirement will be a distinct loss to the local force.

But I suggest that he is a fine example of a system which requires serious investigation and radical alteration. I refer to the system of Police Pensions, as it obtains in Leeds and some other large towns.

Mr. Carney is, as stated, 48 years of age—a mere boy as things go now-a-days. In full possession of all his faculties and of herculean frame, he looks "good" for another twenty years' solid work, and I hope he may live long to receive this little comfort to his "old" age.

But where on earth is the sense of a system which pensions its best men at the age of 48—to take up other appointments?

The officer named is no solitary example of this pernicious and extravagant system. I could quote dozens of others. The most flagrant is perhaps that of the gentleman at present enjoying an annual salary of £1,250 as Commissioner of the London City Police. He received that appointment after "retiring" on a pension of £800 a year from the position of Head Constable of Liverpool.

It is certain that no private person or firm could pay such pensions and keep out of the Bankruptcy Court.

But the members of public bodies, in administering public funds, often display a generosity totally at variance with their private dispositions. Theoretically they administer these funds as they would their own moneys.

What a "rumpus" there would be if any one of these guardians of the public purse were called upon to pension his own employées at the age of 48. That matter would soon be put upon a proper footing. But in public life it is "nobody's" affair, and we seldom hear a protest from these "guardians" as to the waste of public moneys in this direction.

It is high time the matter was looked into. I suggest that in respect of future appointments, in *all* police forces an age limit should be fixed, before which no officer could retire on pension. This applies in some towns. Why not in all?

No one (except the Leeds ratepayers) will be surprised to hear that considerably over £10,000 (ten thousand pounds) was paid last year in that city to police pensioners.

I recommend budding policemen to join this force before the "City Fathers" wake (or are forcibly aroused) to a sense of their responsibility to the ratepayers. The latter contingency usually occurs early in November.

In *London Chat* of June 1st, Mr. Mark Potter, referring to Leeds, writes:—

> "In municipal affairs the City ranks amongst the most progressive of local governing authorities, as might be guessed from the fact that the Corporation has no fewer than sixty committees."

It seems to me there is room for a sixty-first committee whose sole duty, described in the vernacular, would be "to see where t'brass goes." Leeds does not by any means stand alone in this wilderness of waste; it is chosen because it has produced a striking and recent example of the manner in which public money is thrown away in some towns.

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Try and realise what £3 per week would mean to you. Every week you would receive £3—it would keep you in sickness or health. If you go on working it will double your income at a stroke. It is an income that will provide you with every luxury you now forego; a better house, better food, better clothes, a better time. You would not have to fear sickness or accident, old age, poverty, or neglect.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the well-known manufacturer of the celebrated "Avoca" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and he has recently placed on the market a new Virginia Cigarette, the "Traylee" Cigarette, which is sold in boxes of 100 at 2s. 6d. As all readers will understand, it is most costly to successfully place any new Cigarette on the market. Most firms spend tens of thousands of pounds before they secure a regular sale. After careful consideration Mr. Samuda decided to establish this Limerick Competition for the express purpose of bringing the "Traylee" Cigarettes prominently before the notice of the British public.

THE CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with a postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. postage, 2s. 8d. in all. Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay 2s. 6d. per 100, even if they buy them in packets of 10 for 3d. at their tobacconist. As the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarette is far superior to any other Cigarette sold at this price, each competitor gets full value for his money, and without additional cost, outlay or risk, has an opportunity of winning a life-long independency. Every man who smokes Cigarettes should try as a matter of course. It costs him nothing.

THE JUDGES. ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a special competition, and not a weekly feature, every line submitted will be carefully judged by an independent committee, including the Editor of a well-known literary journal. In this way competitors can rest assured that the best line will win. There will be no element of chance about the award, for the judging and consideration of the solutions rest entirely with the independent committee, who have not the slightest interest in this business.

SOLUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT IN AT ONCE.

As the committee do not wish their work to be crowded into the last few days of the competition, competitors are earnestly requested to post their orders and solutions at the earliest possible moment.

IMPORTANT.

Any number of solutions may be sent in, providing each solution is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes and the price, including postage, 2s. 8d. Additional lines should be written clearly on a plain sheet of notepaper and pinned to the entry form. Competitors are specially requested not to write letters, as the committee of judges will not have time to read or answer same.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

All orders will be executed in strict rotation, and the cigarettes will be dispatched at the earliest possible moment. If any competitor after having tried, say, five of the cigarettes, does not consider them better in quality than any other cigarette he has purchased at the same price, he can return the broken box and have his money refunded; but in such cases it is distinctly understood that the solution sent in is thereby cancelled and annulled. This offer only holds good to within seven days of the closing of the competition.

A FINAL WORD.

Smokers should remember that in sending their order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes they secure full value for their remittance, and their chance to win the huge prize of £3 per week for life, or one of the many consolation prizes, does not cost them a single penny. Mr. Samuda fully realises that the quality of the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes when once tried will secure regular smokers and numerous recommendations, so although he cannot expect to realise at the outset more than one-tenth of his investment, he feels confident permanent trade will be established, and in the course of a few years' time the original outlay will thus be covered.

TO WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SISTERS.

Almost every day your husband, son, brother, or fiance buys cigarettes. Why not insist upon his purchasing 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes and let you enter this competition? Think it over! It may mean your being independent for the rest of your life.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

In the interests of competitors the following points are worth remembering:—

1. An independent committee of judges will decide.
2. Every Limerick sent in will be read and carefully considered.
3. The results will be announced in the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Express," and the "Daily Telegraph," on Thursday, October 24th, 1907.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheque will be forwarded on the first of each month afterwards.
6. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, will be eligible to compete.

Any number of solutions may be sent, providing each is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, and the price, 2s. 8d.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON. JOHN BULL, No. 2

To the Limerick Committee,
c/o J. SAMUDA & CO.,
36, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

.....190

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send me post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you cannot execute this order you are at liberty to return my solution and money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

Full Name.....

Postal Address.....

Town .....

N.B.—All Orders will be despatched in strict rotation.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

That the "Traylee's" the Best Cigarette,
Is a tip that you cannot regret;
And in buying, I'll mention
There's a three-pound-a-week pension.

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Address Envelope—

The Limerick Committee,
c/o Messrs. J. SAMUDA & CO.,
36, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

If more than one Solution is sent write same on a plain piece of paper and pin to this entry form (see Rules).

THE SEER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

STRANGE STORIES.

The following very interesting narrative is taken from John Bull Over-Seas, which, by the way, we take this further opportunity of recommending to our readers. They will find it chokeful of interesting matter. With regard to the narrative, we have satisfied ourselves of the *bonâ fides* of the writer, and that what is here set down is bare truth:—

"Can the combined wisdom of all our colleges of surgeons and physicians enlighten us regarding that wonderful power of telegraphing without instruments and without wires owned by the savage races? The London public had an opportunity of witnessing for themselves the performance of the Zancigs in the Alhambra; but compared with the real native business the music-hall show was but child's play. Your African and Egyptian, and to a large extent your raw East Indian, can lay over the cleverest mind reader or telepathist that ever trod the dusty streets of the white man's country. Once, for instance, during the last stage of the Soudan war, the natives in the Cairo bazaars were discussing the details of a big battle up country for two days before the military authorities at headquarters knew that the fight had taken place. The field wire had broken down, and until it was repaired, the poor clumsy white, who had evidently lost a sense that the savage still has, had to wait for his news, while the native knew all about it. The South African natives, it need hardly be said, in view of the many instances put forward, possess the sense too. Riger Haggard has given his experiences in print. So have other travellers. Lose your horse, or your span of oxen, and the average native will tell you where to look for them. A fellow over here possessing the same power could make money. He could stand beside the bookmaker, for instance, while a big race was being run hundreds of miles away, and when the winner was making for the post, or leading at the last bend, he could put down his bet and come back afterwards for his winnings. Or he could know when his tailor was instructing his dun to turn up for the balance, and make himself scarce accordingly. Many things might he do, and many escape."

A Witch Doctress.

"Personally, I have come into contact with the wonderful power, and marvelled at it. At the heel end of the Matabele war, for instance, when I was out with a patrol, an ancient lady dressed in skins and rags, and adorned with knuckle bones and shells, approached. We had just off-saddled for the midday halt, and she came over to beg. I asked a friend what type of being she was, and he answered that she was in the witch-doctor and fortune-telling business, and would tell my fortune if I cared to have it revealed. We fell to. There was nothing of the hand-reading fake. She did not touch me. Simply looked for a few moments at me, and then began her story. I had been in the country, she said, three times before, and she described things that had occurred then. I would soon re-cross the great waters from the land of the black children to the kraals of the white people. But I would come back again. I would be in a small town and would see fighting and much letting of blood. There would be great trouble, but I need not fear. I would not be killed; but many would. I would once more cross the great waters to the land of the whites, and once more I would return to the land of the black children. Here she stopped. Nothing could induce her to continue.

Things That Came True.

"Strangely enough, I had been there before, as she said, and the matters she referred to as having occurred did occur. If I had enjoyed the old lady's acquaintance even remotely, naturally I should have at once concluded that she had heard the things of me. But I give my word of honour that she was no acquaintance of mine. Not even a bowing acquaintance. I was among the Matoppo Hills for the first time, and I daresay she had never gone twenty miles from her native kraal over the way in her life. But to continue. I did return across the sea, and I did go back to Africa, and I was locked up in a small town that was besieged during the late war, and was not killed, as the fact that I am clicking my stubborn typewriter at the present moment abundantly proves. I got out all right and came home. She told me I would go out once more, and refused to tell me what would happen then. What will it be? Am I to leave my bones there, or am I to find a diamond mine and become a Cecil Rhodes. I wish the old lady had continued. I was never afraid of death that I know of, and if I am to find that mine I know some people who would be glad of the information in advance.

A Long-Distance Look.

"The old lady branched away from the fortune-telling business and gave me proof of her power in another direction. She asked me if I should like to see anything in any part of the world, and I thought I should. She asked me to look into a pool of rain-water that was in a hollow in the granite, and gave me the word of command to think of what I wished to see. Naturally, I wanted to know how things were jogging along at home, and I bent my mind in that direction. I saw a strange house standing in its own grounds, and I had been gazing at it for a moment when the front seemed to fall away, and in a room I saw some relatives, whom I clearly recognised. I watched them for a space, and the vision faded from the water, and I was back in the world once more. I concluded that the whole thing was a fake, so far as the vision was concerned. What would my friends be doing in that strange house? And yet I recognised the furniture in it. Months afterwards I returned, to discover that my people had removed to another district, and as we drove along after I had landed, I saw a house, and said, "There is your new house. I saw it when on the Matoppos!" It was their house, the house I had only seen once before—when old rags and bones had shown it to me on the top of the African mountain.

Some Puzzles.

"There was a big hubbub in the native kraal outside Mafeking one night during the siege. Baden-Powell sent over to know why the fires were lighted, and what feast was on that the niggers were out yelling. The chief's reply was that there had been a big blood-letting over towards Natal, and that the British horsemen, armed with spears, had ridden through the Boers several times. He described the battle of Elandslaagte, which had been fought hundreds of miles away a few hours before! There was, of course, no telegraph line, and no messengers had come in with the news—supposing them to have been able to travel hundreds of miles with it in a few hours—since the Boers ringed the town around. How was it done? Or how was my "boy" Sixpence able to tell me when letters were left for me in a cleft stick two miles away over a hill from my camp? Or when I wanted to catch the road coach, which did not run to time like a train, how was he able every time to tell me where that coach was, and at what hour it would pass? There are many things in a native's head—let the vulgar not misinterpret me—that it would be interesting to analyse, were analysis possible. But how would that old woman's story have ended if she had continued it? I think I have a close personal interest in that matter."

A B.T.T. DITTY.

(Not modelled on Luther's Table Talk.)

"The Rev. Mr. Greene . . . ran through the names and described the qualifications of the proposed Directors. As to himself, he had never earned £20 by preaching, and never should. . He was a business man, and had a business training. Mr. Greene was appointed one of the new Directors."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 31.

I am the Reverend R. V. Greene,
  And a Boss of the B.T.T.;
And the murmur that comes from my coffee machine
  Is sermon enough for me!
I know I'm a "Reverend," sure as eggs,
  But I'm seen at my best near the grid;
For at charity leeching or Sabbath-day preaching,
  I have never made twenty quid!

Refrain:
So here's a health to the B.T.T.,
  And a health to the Reverend Boss;
When it comes to the buns,
He's well up with the guns,
  And you'll find him a working hoss!

I am the Reverend R. V. Greene,
  You'll find me a business man;
In a question of milk, I'm a hot 'un to bilk,
  So take me on while you can!
I'll see that your dividends rise like dough,
  And I'll give your steak-puddings a name;
For I'm not a mere fluker in matters of lucre,
  I've given my life to the game!

Refrain:
So here's a health to the B.T.T.,
  Spring-cleaned on the Reverend's plan—
When it's time to share out,
There's no possible doubt,
  You will find him a business man!

W. T.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That they call them the "Twirly Wyrley Outrages" now.——That we are to have some *good* plays this season.——That the coal merchants' profits are not "out of the weigh."——That Wiltshire will be "Won'tshire" in future, for Army manœuvres.——That the Antwerp strikers call it the "Civil" Guard.——That at the reduced rate, the Cunard Company cunardly pay.——That the Government thinks a horseshoe means "luck."——That Lord Arthur Hill is going up in Down.——That the Kent hop growers have got "the jumps."

Mr. Harcourt declines to put plants in Trafalgar Square. He thinks that the municipal reform meeting was a sufficient plant.

"There is no motor-'bus which will smash all others," says the vice-chairman of the L.G.O.C. We beg to differ.

"Admiration is like champagne to a woman," says W. Burton Baldry. And the lack of it is real pain.

The accident at the Eisteddfod is not to be wondered at. Eight hundred lines in Welsh verse is enough to cause an earthquake.

A writer complains that Shipping Companies are employing too many youths. But they must have buoys.

Coal has again increased in price. By winter the cost is expected to be that of the rarer jewels.

"It does not pay the farmer to make English butter," says an agriculturist. So he makes Irish, and relies for his profit on salt.

As so many matches have been interfered with by the rain, why not try "The Cricket on the Hearth!"?

Bad news for the Temperance party. The ships are taking deeper draughts than ever.

In a morning paper, under "Bargains by Post," we note second-hand safes for sale. Poor postman!

The Swindon Corporation now fully realise that a Townsend is not exactly a godsend.

Is there any objection to calling Swiss glacier tours Swiss rolls?

HOLIDAY PLACES FOR POLITICIANS:—
Mr. Haldane should go to *Warsaw*.
Mr. Burns should go to *Ashbourne*.
Mr. McKenna should go to *Larne*.
Mr. Balfour should stay with Lord "Brassey."
Mr. Byles should go to "*Limerick*."
Mr. Crooks should go to *Menai Straits*.
Mr. Shackleton should go to *Lincoln*.
Hon. W. Guinness should go to *Settle*.
Lord Rosebery should go to *Thorn*.
Mr. Victor Grayson should go to *Grasse*.
Mr. Ward should go to *Keyingham*.
The Bishops should go to the *Aunt-arctic Regions*.
The Peers should go to *Bath*, or *Jericho*.

The *Express* has been exploiting a "Search for Leaders." Our papers are badly in need of some.

According to a West End perfumer, some of his customers spend £400 a year with him. They should have more common-scents.

By a recent decision, the rights of a family pew cannot be handed down. The rites of a family vault may. This seems hardly right, since both are the sleeping-places of our ancestors.

Mr. Hall Caine says he is "much exhausted." Was he at the Lyceum First Night?

While yawning, a labourer at Chailey was stung on the tongue by a wasp. He couldn't express himself.

Lord Rosebery says, "I am not a declared lunatic." Is he still "on the fence?"

"Born Without a Brain," reads a news heading. News indeed!

At Loughborough Workhouse a tramp was found to be in possession of a cake of soap. Who said that the day of miracles was past?

Mr. Robert Blatchford says, "The Labour members are too tame." This will make them wild.

Berlin finds the motor-cab too expensive, and many drivers are returning to horses. A "slump" in the sausage trade is feared.

It is Free to All.

YOU OUGHT TO READ THIS BOOK ON HEALTH.

If you do not feel as you ought to; if you are tired and weary—fagged out—you ought to read this book, which tells you of the cause of such conditions and how they can be prevented. You should not go around dragging one foot after the other like an old man of eighty. Get some vim and vigour, some strength and vitality.

It does not cost you a penny to obtain this book. It is sent in a plain envelope, sealed, upon request. It tells many things which you ought to know. You will feel better for reading it. Don't delay, but write for it at once.

The holiday season is now upon us, and those who are in robust health are obtaining its full enjoyments. Are you fit to enjoy your holiday, let alone the work you are leaving? That's what you should consider. If you are not, there is something wrong, and it needs to be put right. Unless you do that it may be the fore-runner of other complications.

It is these little things which sooner or later result in the nervous breakdown. The wear and tear upon the system must be replenished. If not, Indigestion and Constipation, Backache, Rheumatism, and various other weaknesses gain the upper hand. Look out for them. Many a chronic sufferer could be enjoying perfect health to-day if he had but heeded Nature's warnings.

What should be done? A very simple remedy indeed. Find out the cause of the trouble. It is simply wasted vitality. Restore that and you will feel as fit as you ever did in your life. That force which you lack is electricity, nerve energy. There is a very simple means of infusing this into your body, and the free book tells all about it.

A Dry-Cell Body Battery for giving new life and strength to worn-out bodies is an ideal treatment. It is curing hundreds. Undoubtedly some of your friends and neighbours have been cured by it, and their names will be sent with the book. Write to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. If near enough to the office, please call and get a free test.—ADVT.

"John Bull" wears Swan & Edgar's Pyjamas.

Great Sale Proceeding

Ceylon Wool Pyjamas.

Sale Price—

3 for 20/- *Post Free.*

Sample, 6/11.
Post. 3d.

Swan & Edgar Ltd.
Piccadilly & Regent St., W.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)
22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,697,948. Liabilities, £1,283,271. Surplus, £371,678.
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 3 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 5 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

CASH ADVANCED
PROMPTLY and PRIVATELY.
£100 and upwards to £50,000, to the Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen, on
NOTE OF HAND ALONE. No Bills of Sale taken.

Before applying elsewhere, write to or call upon actual lenders,
FIELDINGS,
1a, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.
Bills discounted. NO FEES.

PEARKS'

STRONG,

FRAGRANT,

ECONOMICAL

TEA

Waltham Watches.

The best pocket machines for keeping time it is possible to make.

Movements bearing the names "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Riverside," and "Royal." Especially recommended.

INTERESTING BOOK ON WATCHES SENT POST FREE, UPON REQUEST.

For our convenience please mention this paper.

ROBBINS & APPLETON
(Wholesale to the Trade only).
125, High Holborn, London, W.C.
(Only address of the Waltham Watch Co.).

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY

FROM £20 TO £5,000

For short or long periods in town or country, on Note of Hand, without Surety or Security. Repayments to suit clients' convenience. No inquiry fees. Strictest privacy. Interviews unnecessary. Cash sent by post. Bills discounted.

'Phone: 6713 Central.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO., 18, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

Notes on New Books:—

"The Skirts of the Great City." Mrs. Arthur Bell. The book lacks body, and reveals the seamy side. The plot is woven with skill, and the villain is worsted.

"A Modern Pharisee." Silas K. Hocking. Perhaps it is the correct thing for a scribe to write about a pharisee.

"Where is the King?" M.A.C.D. A rather unnecessary question. This alphabetical author should read the daily papers.

"How to Fish." W. Earl Hodgson. Although somewhat fly, the book is no great catch. If the author does not mind taking a gentle hint, he has too many lines.

"The Rainy Day." Evidently inspired by the recent weather. Although not dry, the book is somewhat dull; and in no case would prove a shelter from the blues. We were almost inclined to leave it under cover.

A doctor considers the "Tube Stare" all my eye.

A physician recommends fruit for the complexion. Eve's apple certainly put a different complexion on matters.

Mr. Winston Churchill recently travelled in the guard's brake. He is usually in the van.

A correspondent has written to the *Mail* about some missing storks. We trust they won't get picked off.

70,000 chairs required by the War Office! Still resting.

More Hints for Housewives:—

Never make a stew.

Rabbit pie may be good, but hair soup is an abomination.

When your husband grumbles at the mutton, be a lamb.

Never throw away meat because it is tough. Your husband may like to sole his boots with it.

In serving toast, don't cut up crusty.

Remember that what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh, and that what's bread in the sausage comes out in the frying pan.

In preparing a menu, do not forget that all fowls are spring chicken, irrespective of the season.

Never call hash, hash. Describe it as *Salmi de la Reine Marie Antoinette.*

Always serve sharp knives with steak, out of compliment to the butcher.

According to a contemporary, women are more honest than men. This must be why men so often take them on trust.

Lady Warwick wrote a letter to the Bath Conference from the Hotel Ritz. Nothing like making your Socialism comfy.

A London woman goes out begging while her husband sleeps. "My husband is laid up" is the notice she exhibits. The truth, of course, is that he is lying down.

"What Shall I Eat?" is the query-heading in the *Daily News.* We suggest the sub-editor should try a little food.

A letter posted on February 10th has just been delivered at Kingston. It is conjectured that the Postmaster mistook it for a telegram.

"Spirit as Detective," a paragraph in a contemporary is headed. Drink always finds a man out, in time.

A Brighton woman, whose husband assaulted her, said she had cooked a fish for his supper in starch instead of water. It made him "shirty."

If the average woman possessed any sense of humour, the average man would never find a wife.

N. A. Knox, the Surrey fast bowler, is giving up cricket to study singing. We suppose he will begin with "Tom Bowling."

What's in a name? At Kingston a witness identified himself as "Rutgeris Terhooren." Here's a chance for Limerick writers!

"Last 14 days. 12s. 6d. boots for 8s. 6d." We daresay the advertiser knows his own business best, but it seems to us that they ought to last a bit longer.

What next? "A school of baby culture" is presumably for the purpose of combating the decline in the birth-rate. It should do well.

We note that "the English strike-breakers have gone on the spree at Antwerp, raided the *Cambroman's* cabin, and consumed 32 barrels of beer." Evidently they "struck oil."

A contemporary asserts that "last Session Mr. Ellis Griffiths presented a petition against the vivisection of dogs which weighed four tons." Were they pet dogs?

A Brooklyn millionaire has sent his valet to school to learn typewriting. The next we shall hear will be that he has sent his typist to learn valeting.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

J. A. C. (Stevenage) sends a cutting from the *North Herts Mail* about a funeral, drawing our attention to this sentence: "The body was laid to rest in the same grave as the widow." We are not sure that this is incorrect. Assuming that a widow may be defined as a woman whose husband is dead, is she less a widow because she died first?

R. G. R. (Catford) was amused by the *Daily Telegraph*, which stated that a company of French sharpshooters was reinforced by half a company of the Legion of Honour. It would not be a bad idea to order the possessors of unearned decorations to the front.

"PIAZZA" (O. P. Club, Covent Garden) attacks Jim Crow, not for his remarks on mummers, but for his lay sermons on swearing and kissing. That is rather ingenious, but we are well aware that some people like Crow, and some don't. "Piazza" begs us to take his letter seriously, but we can't take it quite as seriously as he seems to take himself.

"BIKIE" (Catford) wants a biscuit for a view of the Cliftonville Hotel at Margate with the sun evidently setting in the N.E. What a run there is on our tin, to be sure.

R. T. W. (Newington) congratulates Crow on his "splendid article" on "British supremacy," and says, "It is quite refreshing to find someone not in agreement with the old platitudes that everyone is supposed to hold, although I don't think many persons would have the pluck to expound your sentiments as their views among their friends. I have done so, and jolly soon been sat upon. If you can, please have a good word to say for the man with the tired look. I hope to read many more of your excellent articles." Jim raises his glass and bows.

"A VICTIM" (Torrington) wants Jim Crow to suggest a solution for a matrimonial tangle. Our correspondent fell in love some time ago and got married. In a few months the unhappy pair found themselves "totally unsuited, and simply detested each other." Having no children, they agreed to separate. But now they want a divorce, and think it unfair that they cannot have one without recourse to immorality. We are inclined to agree that a separation of several years might entitle to divorce. But our correspondent has appealed to Jim Crow, who is a staunch upholder of the marriage laws. Jim urges that a man who has made one mistake about the affairs of his heart might easily make others if released. Besides, it would be very hard on many women to be married and thrown over when the fancy had passed away.

H. F. (Stockton-on-Tees) makes fun of the Master of the North Durham Hunt for confusing Goldsmith and Hood at the annual puppy walk. A very small biscuit should meet the case.

H. A. O. (Leigh) writes: "It strikes me very forcibly that some of your readers take Jim Crow seriously, and I can imagine him laughing at them for being so easily had. Now I do not take him seriously, but, all the same, I am rather astonished that in writing on British supremacy he altogether left out the thing for which our supremacy is absolutely unquestionable. That is, holiday-making. Take the ordinary working-man in Lancashire—collier, mill-operative, foundry-worker, etc. He will take his two or three days whenever a bank-holiday comes round. There is also the town's holiday, which often lasts a week. A regular feature of Lancashire towns and villages is 'Wakes Week.' This would astonish you south country folk. A number of travelling shows cover two or three hundred square yards of spare ground on market place from two to six days, and that is an excuse to stop the whole business and works in the town. . . ." Well, it is usually the Protectionist who "loves the working-man: he loves to see him work." We love to see him play, and we may remind H. A. O. that, even if recreation were all waste of time, Lancashire has thriven under present conditions. Our correspondent goes on to ask "Who is Algernon Ashton?" We believe he is a man who spends most of his time in writing dismal letters to the Press usually about graves and tombstones.

"SOAPSUDS" (Partick) writes: "Where did you find Jim Crow? He's a crower, he is, and long may he crow! Can you tell me if a coin, which I am going to try to explain to you, is of any value? If it is worth anything over £50, Jim Crow gets a bottle of brandy." The coin has "the head and shoulders of an old chap" on the obverse, with the legend "John Wilkinson, hon. master." Round the edge is "one halfpenny, 1791." We suppose this is a token, and fear Jim will not get his brandy. But perhaps some reader will make an offer?

J. M. C. (Dulwich).—The demand for our biscuits exceeds the supply, and the *Express* puts in too many claims.

"London Solicitor" suggests that we should tackle the *Tribune*, but we are giving the Press a rest for a bit. We will, however, try to hunt up a crumb for the statement that a balloon started from Battersea "due west toward the mouth of the Thames."

H. M. (Balham).—Why are you so incredulous? We believe every word.

C. R. (Dublin).—We have read your long letter with lingering delight, and hope you will never cease to sing our praises.

LIPTON'S

TEA MERCHANTS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

A. B. (Catford).—It is remarkable that 28,000 competitors could find nothing better than "They used blue bag in strict privacee." But the intelligence of Limerickers is not of a very high order.

J. H. M. P. (Portsmouth).—Monstrous! We will tackle them.

"Cecil" thinks Jim Crow was very good on "musick," so he sends an advertisement of a cash register till and a billiard-table, which appear under the heading of "musical instruments." Cecil offers to buy the till for Jim, who will go through it with pleasure.

A. J. (Dalston) finds it almost impossible to secure a seat on a L.C.C. car when he sets out for the City. He points out that there are plenty of cars going back nearly empty in the mornings. But what is the remedy? Cars can't travel one way only. A. J. must be more AJile.

J. H. W. (Cheltenham) sends us a long account of a dispute between an injudicious clergyman and a schoolmistress who did not ask him to a tea-fight. The rev. gentleman evidently needs a thicker skin.

W. P. (Leeds) wants a biscuit for the *Daily Express* for stating that Scarborough harbour "is the only harbour of refuge between the Tyne and the Tees." Mr. Pearson's geography is evidently on a par(rot) with his political economy.

"Three Spires" (Coventry) asks us about "the Commercial and Advertising Photographic Course" offered for 3 guineas by "The Practical Correspondence College," Thanet House, 231, Strand, W.C. Can any of our readers advise?

A. C. (Putney).—For once we must defend Lord Northcliffe. Why should not a "junior shorthand typist" be allowed to express her views as much as anybody else? And why should the British Consul-General at Hamburg drive her from her post in an office and even from the English Governesses' Home as a punishment for writing to the *Daily Mail*. Surely British officials abroad are paid to help British subjects, not to persecute them. We hope Lord Northcliffe has found Miss Baker a post on his staff.

W. E. S. (Denver, Transvaal).—Thanks for compliments, which are all the more welcome since you disagree with us. We have never tried to "belittle our fellow-subjects over-seas," but we have no special admiration for the Colonial swash-bucklers who took part in the Boer war.

C. G. (Walworth) attended an open-air meeting of the Peckham Rye Tabernacle Mission, and heard a preacher say, "Do you know, I often regret I have not been a drunkard or a wife-beater, because the greater the sinner, the greater the saint." Well, it is never too late to begin wicked ways. We agree with C. G. that this was "a nice thing to say in front of about thirty little children."

Fry's

PURE

CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

J. B. (Glasgow) sends us an advertisement of a Limerick competition with the words "authorised by the Government." Cheek, isn't it?

K. H. (Peckham).—Perhaps you are well rid of him.

W. H. T. (Stevenage) says that banks do not answer inquiries if customers object. So that's all right. We are sorry if we omitted to thank him for his cutting from the *Daily News*. No wonder he sends us a cutting letter. We offer our belated thanks, and will be more careful next time.

F. V. M. B. (Walthamstow) sends a funny extract from the *Daily Mirror*: "The pit cheered until everyone was dumb with hoarseness. . . . Then the vast audience went home to talk about one of the most remarkable plays London has ever seen." The answer is hoarse-play.

E. C. (London, E.).—If the Imperial Provident Tea Company (142 and 143, Palmerston Buildings, E.C.) does really confer all those "first-class benefits" and "second-class benefits," we wonder to what class their tea belongs.

"Janitor" (Sheffield).—Ho! ho! ho! We plunge our hairy hands again into the tin.

"New, but now Constant, Reader."—See answer to "Janitor."

F. S. W. (Sheffield).—Thanks for the convulsing picture of the tiger. Where is the young lady of Riga?

G. F. (Victoria Park).—See answer to "New, but now Constant, Reader."

Teddy H. (Worthing) asks if Portsmouth is an island. Yes, there is a canal running (if canals do really run) from Langstone Harbour through Hilsea to Portsmouth Harbour.

F. G. R.—See answer to G. F. (Victoria Park); but we shall soon have to send round to the grocer for a fresh supply.

B. A. (New Broad Street) wants to know the value of a first edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Let him write to several second-hand booksellers as though he wanted to buy the book.

R. H. (Bradford) sends us "a very knotty problem": What shall the baby be called? We would have suggested Jim Crow as godfather, but R. H. wants to know which name is most common in the House of Commons. He asks "How does Herbert stand and, incidentally, where does Horatio come in?" What about Philip Augustus?

"A Constant Reader" (Sandgate) wants us to come out three times a week and eke on Sunday. We will try, but what is the matter with three times a day? Good night. Meanwhile he wants us to recommend him a good daily paper. Why not the *Morning Leader* or the *Morning Post*?

"Ginson" (Hammersmith Road).—We should have thought the Duke was responsible for the acts of his agent, but feudal privileges die hard. Our price is 3 to 1 in heriots on the Duke.

F. C. (Everton).—We can't prevent our advertisers from throwing away their money on *London Opinion*.

E. A. W. (London, E.C.).—We do not provide live-stock ourselves. They must have been thrown in as a bonus.

R. D. H. H. (Foots Cray).—Congratulations and thanks.

"Constant Reader" (Clapton).—They are not all frauds necessarily. Sorry you did not fare better with the Christian Association. Send us more details, and we will inquire.

"Mac" says Lord Field died last January, and a biscuit is due to the *Evening Standard* for congratulating him on reaching "the venerable age of 94" in August. But the *Evening Standard* deserves so many biscuits.

H. W. A. (Acton Green).—We never met bullocks who could do 150 miles a day, but we do not care to exchange amenities with *Sketchy Bits*. Phœbus! what a name. Do you really read rags?

T. D. (Woodford Green).—Coke is your diet.

"Blowing Stone" (Nelson) asks if we ever came across a horse called John Bull in the course of our travels. If so, he exhorts us to trip it up and knock it down. We daren't, particularly as it won place money the other day. Patience is a lovely virtue.

Foreigners are requested to desist from sending illiterate and vulgar communications. They only reach the waste-paper basket, for their authors have not the elementary courage to append a name or an address.

P. L. F. (Bedford).—We must be very dense, for we can't see any point in your yarn, though we have inundated it with midnight oil.

J. P. B. (Torquay) says his wish is to become an author, and will we please recommend a course of reading. We refuse to be partisans.

R. G. (Dundee) wants a biscuit for the local Lord Provost, who wished Queen Alexandra a safe journey to her "dear fatherland" when she set out for Norway. It was scarcely a compliment to mistake her Majesty for a Norwegian.

"Rymill" sends particulars of a meeting of the Nuneaton Board of Guardians, where a gentleman named Coape-Arnold made a great fuss because the relieving officer had addressed him as Mr. instead of Esq. Mr. Coape-Arnold is probably not aware how very few people are strictly entitled to be called esquire. It is not enough, as he imagines, to be "a member of a county family," and, if it were, we should want a precise definition of a county family. We should have thought that a gentleman would have been above troubling himself about such trifles.

J. C. (Harlesden).—Jim Crow has no luck left to expend on such schemes.

C. F. S. (Wandsworth).—Very, very funny. You have given us a merry moment.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

No tick.

In India every nominator must pay his entrance fee in full at the time of entry.

Backers' vows.

Racegoers for years say the same thing, and yet keep on doing the opposite.

Velocity's trainer.

Everything that Mr. Peebles has bought as a yearling has won races. Father Blind was his own pick at 40gs.

A trainers' wail.

Trainers say they could get plenty of patrons *if* they cared to give twelve months' credit; some owners after a brief spell on the turf altogether forget to pay their training bill.

The invariable nuisance.

Notice how frequently when one is just in a hurry rushing to see the numbers, or into the ring to bet, how a pal stops you over some very trivial matter.

A mistaken belief.

We speak of horses being badly drawn in the Derby when they are placed on the right or extreme outside, but as a fact, it is unmistakably the best position, for the rails curve so enormously that the jockey making a direct bee-line to the top of the hill saves at the very least 50 yards, while the others hugging the rails are pursuing a tortuous course. In spite of this undoubted fact the advantages of an outside berth are rarely thought of or discussed in the press.

Shipment risks.

Having recently had some hand in the shipment of blood-stock to distant countries, I cannot refrain from saying that it is marvellous what little ill-result accrues, having regard to the tremendous risks run. Thoroughbreds accustomed to warm, mechanically-heated boxes, have, of necessity, to be left in the open with their one rug practically never removed day or night in arctic weather and the heat of the tropics. Moreover, standing for weeks at a time in one position and without the slightest exercise, almost compulsorily brings out feet trouble.

Backers heed.

It will show what a good game bookmaking really is when more than one starting price layer leaves everything to level itself and show a profit, as it undoubtedly does most weeks in the year—and anyhow in the long run. The whole of the wires received—and they are numerous—are simply placed on a file, and not even opened probably for two or three days or until the end of the week to make up the accounts. If this can pay, what positive proof that backers in the long run have *no* chance.

Favourable Comparisons.

Bets (otherwise contracts) involving huge sums of money need nothing beyond a nod of assent, and are in 99 per cent. cases honourably discharged. Yet in commercial matters the same would need lengthy documents, signed by the contracting parties and witnesses. Everything is further written out with the greatest exactness and legal phraseology and yet frequently leads to litigation. Does it, therefore, not seem that there is thus more mutual confidence and honour in Tattersall's Ring, that in commercial circles?

Racing Lottery.

Two years ago in a race at Sandown Park, Signet won cleverly from Picton and Lally, all three carrying even weights. In contrast now, Signet is competing unsuccessfully in £100 Selling Plates; Picton, second in the Derby, broke down, and has never been run since, while Lally has this season won the Royal Hunt Cup and a huge sum in bets for his stable and then, aided by luck, the £10,000 Eclipse Stakes. Yet two years ago Lally was the *worst* horse of the three!

Training on mutual terms.

Ernest Day, the trainer, ever active and able, has a new scheme—and a very sensible one. It is very obvious that owners are heavily mulcted in every kind of expense, and therefore even the 2½ or 3 guineas a week training fee for each horse mounts up. What Day proposes to do, therefore, is to ask his patrons to send him horses to train on mutually advantageous terms, viz., payment by result. That is that he should charge the actual bare cost of the horse's keep—about 20s. per week—and be paid his own remuneration by an agreed percentage of some 10 per cent. upon the stakes actually won. There could be nothing fairer, for it is to Day's own interest to win every penny he possibly could for those whose horses are in his care. The plan is followed officially with all trainers in South America.

Uninterested as Spectators.

Just as steeplechase jockeys (although mayhap themselves recruits from the flat) care little as a rule for Jockey Club racing, so do the horsemen of flat race rule rarely pay interest to steeplechasing. Just now and again one of the Cannons or a Newmarket light-weight comes to a metropolitan jumping meeting, probably to see a home-trained chaser run. In such case the fact is pretty generally well paragraphed. The most consistent attendant during the winter of all the leading flat-race jockeys is Bernard Dillon, whose brother, J. Dillon, is one of the best men at the sport, and whose changing over, and feats, he may before long emulate, for he is getting heavy.

'Ware Welshers.

With the acceptances out, we begin to think of betting on the Autumn Handicaps, so let me reiterate my annual (and continual) "tip," given whole-heartedly, to find your safe bookmaker first, and the prospective winner AFTERWARDS. For goodness' (and your own) sake, pray don't be lured into betting—on credit or otherwise—with those who circularise you; for in nine cases out of ten you have not a million to one chance of ever "receiving." Now is the harvest of these numberless arrant swindlers who live and advertise on the money "mugs" send them. If in doubt delay your investment 48 hours, and write to me—or see our advertisement columns.

Increasing the evil.

The Betting Bill has really wrought harm, for there is no less volume of it, while many who betted in shillings for cash are now driven to increase the amounts for the convenience and credit and shortly get beyond their depth, which is always the danger in speculation, whether it be on horse-racing or anything else. By these means, too, will the working man who would not have exceeded his spare cash—for the very practical reason that he would not have had it to pay in advance—has now brought severe harm upon himself by reason of the commissions on credit now being amenable to claim by law through the customary professed agency when bookmakers win. I know of a particular case, that of a railway porter, who, although earning 27s. a week, ran into £6 debt, had judgment and costs against him, and had his home seized. Thus has the law created and made victims of those it professed to protect.

No cards now.

It may have been noticed by race-goers that the executives of meetings are becoming prone to confining the sale of racecards to their own courses, which may have its advantage as far as they are concerned, both as regards revenue and profit (for the card cannot cost 1d. in production), and particularly to prevent fraudulent copying. Yet to the racing man the fiat is an inconvenience, and almost universally regretted, for everybody likes to mark and read their racecard *en route* to a meeting. There is not one attendant at a meeting out of a hundred who has not carefully studied the programme, and upon the official card made their own private marks as to what their various pet "prophets" select, etc., etc. It is half the enjoyment of racing when one's fancies and ideas can be discussed with others in the train; the journey in consequence, moreover, seems half the distance. I do hold that, even at the loss of a trifling revenue, the public who supply the nucleus of all race meetings and dividends should be considered. Although the Sandown Park executive do not quite confine the sale of their cards to Esher, their recent refusal to supply the bookstalls on "sale and return" has naturally hampered Messrs. W. H. Smith and Co., who, in consequence, are more than careful as to the quantity they order. Thus, should the weather be fine, not one-fourth of the requisite number of cards are obtainable at Waterloo, which annoys many and does not add to the pleasure of their day. The time must surely come when, as with theatre programmes, the official programme is presented to everybody gratuitously as it is done in France—or where, at the most, 2½d. is charged.

"John Bull" recognises its Sporting Readers.

For many weeks there has been an advertisement on this page—I have often alluded to it—the photos of Mintagon, Trigg up, Polymelus, ridden by Maher, and the writer. All are on one sheet, and each is autographed, whilst the horses and jockeys are done in colour, and are absolutely *lifelike* portraits of man and horse. The owner, trainers, and jockeys have all in unison praised them as splendid pictures and true photographs. JOHN BULL had 10,000 done to celebrate the popular "double" of Mintagon's Cesarewitch and Polymelus's Cambridgeshire of last back-end. Such an event in this rapidly-moving world is now "a thing of the past," but there can be no denying what excel-

* "SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?"—*Our fifth article on this subject stands over till next week.*

lent mementoes these photos make, for their equal as an equine portrait has NEVER been produced. Some 1,500 of these pictures—which will years hence have great sporting value—are left over, and it has never been an ingredient of JOHN BULL's nature to play "dog in the manger." Therefore, one each will be given GRATUITOUSLY to its readers (who undertake to keep and display it) who are the owners or managers of licensed houses, tobacconist shops, billiard-rooms, or hairdressing saloons—such places where sportsmen do congregate and "talk racing." Each application must be upon the *printed* notepaper of the house or business, and enclose a penny stamp for postage. In giving away these pictures, which for 10,000 cost us 4½d. each, we can hardly also be expected to throw in the postal tube (½d.) and postage. It will be a case of first come first served as far as the remainder of the pictures go, but, in good faith, the conditions MUST be complied with by our readers. ANYONE not a regular JOHN BULL reader, and not possessing an establishment wherein he pledges himself to hang up (and, if he thinks the picture worth it, to frame) the photo, is not eligible to ask for the gift. Few saloons, bars, etc., but are decorated nowadays with sporting pictures; and if publicans fear so to do because of the eagle eye of the law, imagining that it might mean there is betting carried on there, then they are welcome to the photo for their own private room.

The last chance.

There has, of course, been a pretty strong demand from the public and others who, according to the original paragraph, were entitled to the photo; but more numerous still have been the, perhaps justified, complaints that the proprietors ought not to confine their offer of these pictures solely to those who are the owners of public-houses, tobacconists' shops, billiard saloons, etc. Recognising this—although there are not very many pictures left—I have pleasure in announcing that it is the proprietors' desire that, as far as the copies that do remain will go, they will be sent to ANY READER applying for *one*, and sending 1d. for the postage. The sole claim must be based on the truthful fact (and we will accept their word in good faith) that the applicants are readers of JOHN BULL and *will* undertake to exhibit the picture—framed or otherwise. Now, surely, is *everybody's* chance!

Prophetic.

Although only a moderate horse and not a kid's ride, KOLO has a distinctly each-way betting chance in either his Ayr or Manchester race, and on Friday COCKSURE II. will win the Foal Plate. Hurst Park's excellent one-day card suggests that

GOLD RIACH

must take the Handicap, and

COCKTAIL.

prove a real good thing in the Nursery.

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These promises to teach the language without home study, without grammar, without books, and without the teacher using English, have attracted a considerable number of students, but the results have been even worse than those of the grammar system.

To offer to teach a foreign language as a child learns his mother tongue is very alluring at first sight, but it is just as impossible as thinking in a foreign language of which you hardly know any words.

Of the two bad methods, the old grammar system, in the hands of a teacher who understands his business, will show better results than the so-called "Natural Methods," which are not systems at all, but in most cases merely talking at random to the students.

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